

HIT PARADER

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WITH
PAUL MCCARTNEY



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ARTHUR
BROWN

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BEE GEES MAGNIFICENT FLOP
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WHITE ROOM ★ LALENA

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SWEET BLINDNESS

LITTLE GREEN APPLES

DESTINATION ANYWHERE

I'VE GOT DREAMS
TO REMEMBER

REMEMBER WHEN

PORPOISE SONG ★ CHAINED

AS WE GO ALONG

MESSAGE FROM MARIA

DO THE CHOO CHOO

I FOUND A TRUE LOVE

HEY WESTERN UNION
MAN

SHAPE OF THINGS
TO COME

SUSIE-Q • ELENORE

DIDN'T WE ★ POOR BABY

A LITTLE LESS
CONVERSATION

I MET HER IN CHURCH

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THE SCENE

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Ukelele	6.9	4.6
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FEB. 1969

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

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• WHITE ROOM



By Cream

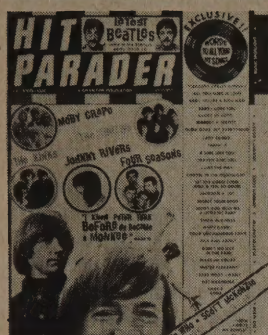
• LALENA



By Donovan

**OVER 35
TOP TUNES
.....
COMPLETE
SONG INDEX
ON PAGE 28**

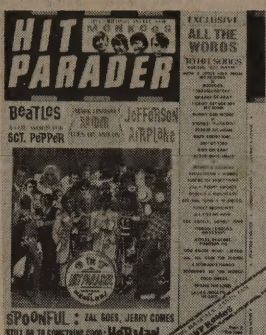
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OCTOBER, 1967

Monkees, 4 Seasons, Turtles, Kinks, Beatle Interview, Who, Scott McKenzie, Stax Story, Airplane

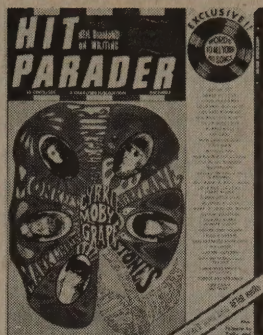
"Pleasant Valley Sunday"
"All You Need Is Love"
"Baby I Love You"
"Fakin' It"
"A Girl Like You"
"White Rabbit"



NOVEMBER, 1967

Recording With Monkees, Spoonful, Herman, Rascals, Supremes, Janis Ian, Booker T., Jefferson Airplane

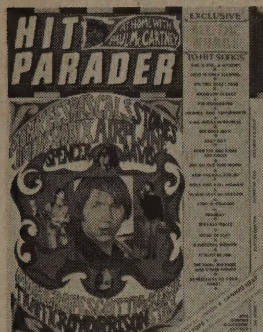
Beatles' "Sgt. Pepper"
Monkees' "Headquarters"
Stones' "Flowers"
"Reflections"
"Heroes And Villains"
"Apples, Peaches, Pumpkin Pie"



DECEMBER, 1967

Roy Orbison's Rock History, Neil Diamond, Cyndie, Mark Lindsay, Paul Butterfield, Stones, Airplane, Bee Gees, Bobbie Gentry

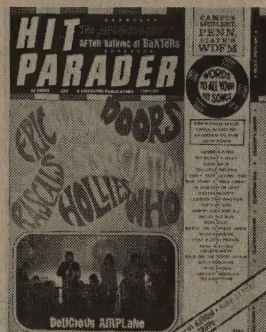
"Never My Love"
"To Sir With Love"
"How Can I Be Sure"
"Soul Man"
"Dandelion"
"The Letter"



JANUARY, 1968

Paul McCartney, Rolling Stones, Jimi Hendrix, Spencer Davis, Traffic, Airplane, Moby Grape, Roy Orbison

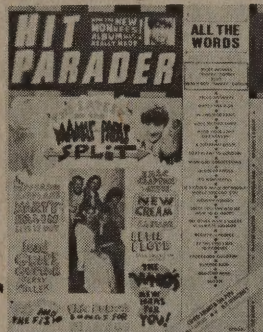
"She Is Still A Mystery"
"Love Is Only Sleeping"
"Incense & Peppermints"
"A Natural Woman"
"The Rain, The Park"
"Keep The Ball Rollin'"
"King Midas In Reverse"



FEBRUARY, 1968

Airplane At Baxter's, Eric Burdon, The Doors, The Who, The Association, Procul Harum, Rascals, Moby Grape, Herb Alpert

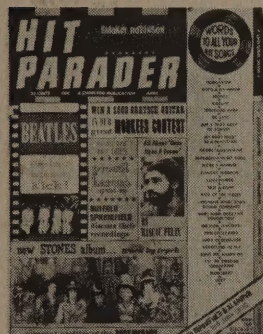
Monkees "Pisces" Album
"I Heard It Through The Grapevine"
"I Second That Emotion"
"Watch The Flowers Grow"
"Skinny Legs & All"
"In And Out Of Love"



MARCH, 1968

Mama's & Papa's, Eric Clapton, Gladys Knight & Pips, Young Rascals, Country Joe & Fish, Who, Airplane, Monkee Album

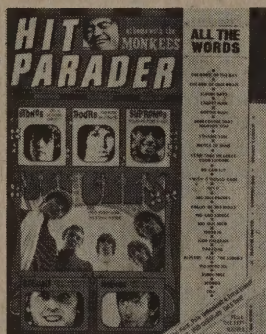
Beach Boys "Smiley" Songs
"Hello Goodbye"
"Watch Her Ride"
"Love Me Two Times"
"Wear Your Love Like Heaven"
"Chain Of Fools"



APRIL, 1968

Smokey Robinson Interview, Beatles' Movie, Buffalo Springfield, Bee Gees, Stones' Album, Rascals' Album, Tim Buckley

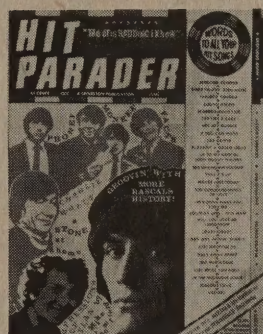
"She's A Rainbow"
"Money" • "Tomorrow"
"Green Tambourine"
"We're A Winner"
"Judy In Disguise"
"Bend Me, Shape Me"
"Sunday Morning"



MAY, 1968

The Supremes, Bee Gees, Lonnie Mack, Pete Townshend, The Doors, Satanic Stones, Monkees At Home

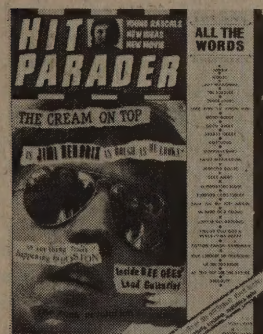
"Dock Of The Bay"
"End Of Our Road"
"I Thank You"
"Valley Of The Dolls"
"I Wish It Would Rain"
"We Can Fly"
"Carpet Man"



JUNE, 1968

Bob Dylan, Otis Redding, Young Rascals, Martha & The Vandellas, The Mothers, Rufus Thomas, Rolling Stones

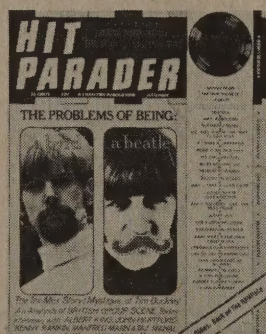
"Valeri" • "Tapioca Tundra"
"Jennifer Juniper"
"Walk Away Renee"
"Unknown Soldier"
"Scarborough Fair"
"If You Can Wait"
"Since You've Been Gone"



JULY, 1968

The Cream On Top, Jimi Hendrix, Moby Grape, Bee Gee's lead guitar, The Rock Revolution

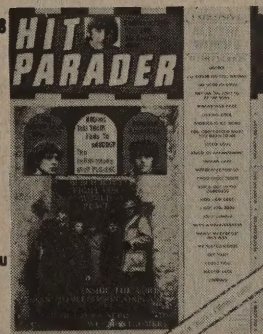
"Honey"
"Lady Madonna"
"Sweet Inspiration"
"Jumbo"
"Jennifer Eccles"
"Forever Came Today"
"Summertime Blues"



SEPTEMBER, 1968

Gassy Steppenwolf, Byrds Interview, Ringo Interview, Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan's new album

Monkee Album songs
"Mrs. Robinson"
"If I Were A Carpenter"
"Like To Get To Know You"
"Wear It On Our Face"
"The Happy Song"
"Friends"



OCTOBER, 1968

Beatles and George Martin, Big Cream Interview, Donovan, Hollies, Beach Boys, Impressions, Turtles, Laura Nyro

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"MacArthur Park"
"Yester Love"
"Choo Choo Train"
"Master Jack"
"I Love You"
"Angel Of The Morning"

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the scene

F.M. HOTLINE



Pop music stations are infested with insipid music and pimple-cream commercials. But these same stations continue to lead in the ratings. In Philadelphia, the two pop stations vie for the top spot by seeing which can give away more money. The real loser of this battle is the listener who must now sit through annoying contests as well as commercials. Yet both stations claim to play more music more often. At worst, some disc jockeys are nauseating; at best, innocuous.

The best way to erode the power of such stations is to forget them. There

are many stations whose main function is to serve the listener, not to see how much money can be raked in by advertisements. These stations have no contests, few commercials, and plenty of music. They usually specialize, however, in jazz, folk, or classical music, with little or no pop music. Also, most of these stations are on the FM band, and if you listen to the radio in the car you can't receive them.

The rhythm and blues stations are the best competition on the AM band for the pop stations. There are two such stations in Philly: WDAS and WHAT. In addition to playing Motown and Stax records, they expose new discs by little-known R&B artists as well as old pros like B.B. King, Little Walter, and the Staple Singers. □ frank jackson

I am writing to express my feelings about a change in format (from progressive pop to easy listening) on the Dick Summer Show on WBZ radio in Boston, Mass. This change has to be the biggest bomb of the year. Here was a soft-voiced, intelligent deejay who played a wide variety of the best of current pop (mostly underground music) and folk music, from the Cream and the Buffalo Springfield to Judy Collins and Tom Rush. He has had interviews on the air with Al Kooper, Phil Ochs, members of Spirit, most of the better groups from the Boston area, and even Clear Light's road manager. It was on his show that I first heard songs by Blood, Sweat & Tears, and Spirit, a fabulously talented group whose album is sensational. He was also the only deejay I ever heard play a cut from an album by the Youngbloods. (Why won't anyone anywhere play their singles?) Now he plays Patti Page and Percy Faith.

I don't know why the change was made. Even Billboard had an article (just two weeks before) about how Mr. Summer gave the Beacon Street Union and other Boston based groups a big push with lots of airplay of their first albums (he has done this for many good new groups), and how there are so many young adults listening to his show. I'm sure they and the thousands of college students in the Boston area don't welcome the new format either. Fortunately, there's a chance that it may be temporary if public response to it isn't favorable. I have written a letter to the program director of WBZ, but it will take more than one. I hope you will print this letter so that other (former?) listeners of the Dick Summer Show, or just those who care enough, may be moved to write or send in petitions to the station. The address is: Program Director, WBZ Radio, Boston, Mass. 02134. Something must be done to bring back one of the few good pop shows on radio. □ chris stonick



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HAPPEN....

*

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In Review

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PARADER

THE PROBLEMS OF BEING:

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HIT PARADER YEARBOOK

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THE YEAR**

*

SUPERSTARS

*

STARS of TOMORROW

RECORD LISTINGS

MUSICANS SHOPPING GUIDE

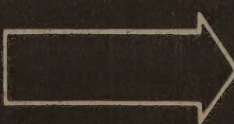
YEARBOOK 1968



The Bee Gees
The Doors
The Cream

The Young Rascals
Simon & Garfunkel
The Temptations

Traffic
The 4 Tops
Steppenwolf

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Dear Editor:

You may be interested in knowing that KNIX radio has switched to a progressive rock format Monday, August 5, 1968.

When the audience turns on with KNIX-FM they will find a selection of acid rock, folk rock, jazz, a little bit of rhythm and blues, and progressive rock that might continue for several numbers without interruption.

KNIX will never put-on listeners by screaming at them or talking inside the records like many of the top 40 stations do.

As for commercials; never more than 8 an hour.

Brent Gabrielsen
Music Dir., KNIX
3003 No. Central
Phoenix, Arizona

PS: Hit Parader is in with the groups here in Phx., in with the people who dig music. Keep up the good work.

Dear Hit Parader:

I understand there have been some question about who sings lead vocal on "Lady Madonna." As Chairman of the Association of Beatle Voice Definers (A.B.V.D.) and a long-time connoisseur of the rare, mellifluous tonalities of Ringo Starr, I can emphatically guarantee you that the vocalist is Ringo without a doubt. You will note that Ringo pronounces the sound of "e" very strongly like "EEE", as he always does; and sounds, at times positively American and this is unlike any other Beatle in the world.

Of his other vocal solos, Ringo sounds most like "Lady Madonna" on "Act Naturally" and if your readers were to go back and listen to "Boys," they would find he has been known to hit a high note, though in the case of "Lady Madonna" high note he could be helped by a synthesizer. I think I read in the Saturday Review or somewhere that synthesizers can do such things (we ABVD members are always reading useful things in such high class magazines as the Saturday Review).

Yours courteously,
Scarlatina Rubeola

Dear Editor:

Long, long ago, 1964 to be particular, on a small, insignifi-

cant island called England (which, since then, has been famous for more than just its fog and cold weather), there was emerging from obscurity a group, as was the thing then. But this group was different, because it was composed of different people. For instance, picture two male people in a small, English establishment that furnished a machine that played records for the patrons, and they (the two male people) are carefully noting another of their particular species playing a collection of very odd records on the machine. Fancy them striking up a conversation with him which ends in the another taking the two male people to his garage where he commences to show them a vast collection of tape recording equipment and the things that go with such things. Imagine our two heroes completely fascinated by the whole scene. The three of them decide to band together and project their idea to the public. They did decide first, though, that they would be in need of another member so they obtained one that was adequate.

This foursome of Englishmen began emitting their sound to the public. They were original and the public seemed to dig them, but they knew that something was not quite right. One night, while emitting at a dance in their own hometown, Sheppards Bush (hint), a young man who had been dancing rather wildly lept on the stage and boldly communicated to one of the foursome that he thought he would be a much better drummer than the one they had. Respecting such an ego, the singer gave him a go at it. This young man quickly replaced the other drummer and the foursome climbed to grander plateaus of fame, in England.

These people decided one day that it would be in the best of all possible events to record a single. They did. And it did quite well, in England. They repeated with another song which did quite well in England. And a third and their best soon followed. After that an album (which took me three or four weeks to obtain here.)

Now this group has to their credit three albums (with two

more to come out in a while), and fourteen (14) singles, only nine of which have been issued in the states. One of those singles has been released in just the last couple of weeks and is actually being played more than once a week by our rinky-dink Top 40 station.

I recently saw this group in Cleveland and was in awe the whole hour and a half they performed. They are musicians and showmen and excel at both. They have what the guitarist of the group calls "power-pop." And with respect to all the R&B, folk, and freak-out crowds, I have got to say that nothing picks you up out of your seat, tosses you about like a ping-pong ball, dismembers your body and re-shapes again, finally returning you to your seat from which the view is much different now, than a good dose of Power Pop administered by Peter Townshend, John Entwistle, Roger Daltrey, and Keith Moon of the Who.

Anyone interested who wants to know more, may write to the following address; Superficial Home of the Who, 2410 South Springfield Ave., Chicago, Ill. (60632)

So if you print nothing else of this letter, please print the above address.

Dan Budd
7700 Riverside Dr.
Dublin, Ohio

Dear Editor:

Re: June '68 Music Spotlight — I agree. "Red House Blues" is the best song Jimi Hendrix has ever and will ever do.

Compared to earlier material the Yardbirds' "Little Games" album is terrible. They obviously sorely miss Samwell-Smith and Jeff Beck. The Yardbirds at their best are two blues numbers — "The Nazz Are Blue" and "Rack My Mind," both on the "Over, Under, Sideways, Down" album (British and Canadian). Too bad they're not on the American. Beck sings "The Nazz" and plays his best guitar on "Rack My Mind."

G.J.

Don Mills, Ontario, Canada

Dear Editor:

I hope you'll print this in answer to Frank Edwards and

the Gang, from Cleveland: The Monkees are not trying to beat the Beatles. Even I admit, they'd fail miserably. But they are good at being the Monkees, which is good; better than if everyone tried to be Beatles. They are not, I also admit, as good musically as the Beatles (who in my opinion, aren't as good as all that). But they are trying to become more proficient and they are succeeding. Listen to their latest albums, but don't think of it as listening to Monkees. You'll be pleasantly surprised, as I was.

What should be explained to you is a "put-on." Mike, like other above-average-in-intelligence-people, has a humor you probably just didn't quite fathom. Well, all the Monkees have it, and not all people are bright enough to catch a joke or a funny when they see it or hear it, or even if it came up and punched 'em in the nose.

You also talked about, well, I'll quote you; "They're off drugs now, and in fact condemn them, and are trying to find the answer through meditation." For this I don't think they should be praised, they should be pitied for thinking that the Maha-what-sisname could help a bedbug. Don't get me wrong here because I think meditation is all well and good and a lot of smart people do it. But why the Beatles, or anyone else, thinks that they must be searching for answers to important things when the answers, all of them, are in the nearest Bible, is beyond me. Or maybe they, like so many other people, are just too plumb scared to be caught reading anything as "mundane" as a Bible. Scared of what they might think. Scared of "they" period. Just terrified. (Also I want you to know I'm not an old sourpuss religious fanatic. Of course, I'm religious, but I'm not old (19) nor a sourpuss, nor a fanatic. I'm just intelligent, more so than a lot of people I know of. That to Frank Edwards and the Gang.

I like Hit Parader's not having pics of the Monkees, the Beatles, or Sajid Khan, or so many stupid articles. Your articles are good and interesting and not like they're written for ten-year-olds. All I ask is more

Continued on page 64

JOSE FELICIANO

A Song Out Of Darkness



The press service at RCA makes good use of the fact that Feliciano means 'the happy one' in Spanish, but it only serves to illustrate how ironies are born, not made. Jose Feliciano, an interpretive singer and musician of great sensitivity has been blind since birth. And perhaps the fact that he cannot see you is largely responsible for his remarkable ability to touch and move you, make you laugh, make you wonder and make you dance.

Feliciano is the brilliant one, the surprising one, the one in this age of specialists who refuses to specialize, interpreting such diverse material as Dylan's *Blowing in the Wind* or the *Flight of the Bumblebee*. Transcending the folk or classical categories, those pieces fall into something that's undeniably—well, Feliciano.

In the album titled *The Voice and Guitar of Feliciano*, he starts off with the bluegrass "Mule Skinner Blues," twanging the hoot and cry of the song, twining the melody around a simple guitar accompaniment. It takes on a different environment when Feliciano sings it, his youth comes through the rough edges



as he skims along the scratchy surface of the song. For it is the surfaces of the songs that he plays with, scattering them all over the scale, riffing, throwing in extra notes, winding them in and out of folk, bossa nova, soul, R&B and rock styles with his intense, elastic voice.

An exquisite Spanish guitar roll starts off "Dos Cruces," which he sings in Spanish, his native tongue, imposing the depth of his passion and range, peeling the song out. You don't have to understand what it means, its lovely. On the guitar he plays an imitation of a blue grass banjo and mandolin duet in "Duelin' Banjo." He is indeed a virtuoso instrumentalist.

He was born in Puerto Rico, one of nine children and brought to New York when he was very young. He taught himself to play the guitar, bass banjo, organ, bongo, timpalas, 12-string, mandolin harmonica, piano harpsichord and kazoo. But it is with the guitar that he stays. He is equally at home with the romping *I got a Woman* as with the Brazilian, "Manha De Carnival," theme from the movie, *Black Orpheus*, an exquisite guitar solo, restrained and perfect.

His first public performance was at the El Teatra Puerto Rico in New York's Spanish Harlem when he was nine years old. ("My father had to pick me up because it was so crowded no one could see me.") but he first

reached a wider audience when he played in Gerde's Folk City in Greenwich Village in 1963. Gerde's, incidentally was the folkhouse in which Dylan, Ochs and Eric Anderson had sung and played, trading songs, learning, performing and gaining a reputation only a couple of years before. An RCA Victor A&R man who had dropped in to catch another act spotted Feliciano and signed him to RCA shortly thereafter. No small wonder.

Listen to him singing *Walk Right In*, throwing unexpected breaks between verses, finishing the Song in Spanish and then in German. He weaves softly touched harmonic notes between the beats of Dylan's "Don't Think Twice" adding little Latin treble runs in unexpected places.



And pokes around with some jazz in addition. Hear the rapid-fire fingerwork in his guitar rendition of *Flight of The Bumble Bee*." His versatility is exceeded only by his virtuosity. And his voice cuts right to the core of the song -- and the listener. He sings "Chinita in upbeat staccato Spanish and you expect him to yell 'ole' at any moment.

He projects himself well into pop with the latest album, *Feliciano!*, from which the single "Light My Fire" was pulled. You'll think you never heard the song before. Each artist has given a new color to the nostalgic "In My Life," but Feliciano's, is simply haunting, you can almost feel the people and places from

his past. "And I Love Her" seems to belong as much to Feliciano as it does to the Beatles; he does it on the guitar only and the lyric floats like a bittersweet dream through your head. The nonsensical "Nena Na Na" could make you laugh out loud, but my favorite is his "California Dreaming." The first time I heard it I tried not to listen, How could that song be anyone but the Mamas and Papas, rich and sweet and homesick pouring out of the radio on such a winters day. But Feliciano could make "California Dreaming" a national pastime, for him it's a happy song and he doesn't seem to want to let it end, he keeps riffing -- "It doesn't matter how you say it" (after singing the cho-

rus in Spanish) "I just wanna say I love California." And there the little mouth clicks, the harmonized du du du's and Feliciano irrepressible and unpredictable turns another classic on its head.

I think I would love to hear him do "Summertime."

I have never seen Feliciano work, which is sad. Sadder still, he will never see me or anyone else in his audience. It is our good fortune to have among us those blind singers, Ray Charles, Stevie Wonder and Jose Feliciano, who offer their music to us from their darkness and show us ways to feel we would never have discovered without them. □Ellen sander

How **CREAM** *Made* **“WHEELS OF FIRE”**

“Wheels Of Fire” by Cream was never really a planned album. While Eric, Jack and Ginger talked about ideas in England, I discussed it with Ahmet Ertugen and Jerry Wexler at Atlantic.

I wanted a double album right from the beginning and it was my job to sell that idea. Nobody was high on it. When I finally convinced everyone of the double album, Cream told me they had been wanting the same thing.

Next step was helping choose material and arranging it for the final stages. With Cream this job is particularly important because most of their songs are never played until they come into the studio.

It's very weird. The music is never discussed. It just happens.

We cut the first things for the album in December 1967. We did the instrumental tracks for “White Room,” and “Born Under A Bad Sign.”

They had a couple of days off during their U.S. tour so we booked studio time to get something down. Then they came back two months later for ten days and we completed the entire studio album.

We liked the track to “White Room” but Jack didn't like the vocal and Eric didn't like his guitar playing. I did a rough mix and brought it over to England for them to hear. This is where an important turn occurred.

Cream told me that the only time they ever get together for rehearsal is when I'm around which is another strange thing. Anyway, while I was in England we met at Jack's house every night at seven o'clock. One night I was playing bass, Jack played a baritone horn, Ginger was playing these



giant maracas and Eric was playing acoustic guitar. Eric was showing us a new tune he'd just written called “Anyone For Tennis.” What happened

that night went into the “Tennis” single and the “Savage Seven” album. It was a new thing for Cream and it just happened.



That led to a whole bunch of things. I stayed with Jack while I was there and we were always playing things to each other. We even purchased some new instruments and Jack picked up a cello. I had a viola and we wrote some pieces for them and played a lot trying to get our chops back. That came out of the clear blue, just an exchange of musicianship and personalities.

So, the classical things you hear on the album are not all my doing. Jack has had as much classical training as I have. It's not so much his cello playing as it is the literature he's absorbed since his childhood. He is certainly a qualified musician and knows music thoroughly. So this classical influence was a dual effort.

I also found that Ginger was into a lot of things I never knew before. He's very classically oriented. Rhythmically he's very African but melodically he's very classical. He writes like Vaughn Williams. Usually he collaborates with a guy named Mike Taylor. Everybody thinks that Ginger is just a drummer, but he's much more.

There are a lot of guys that work with Cream. Like Pete Brown collaborates on almost all of Jack Bruce's songs. Mike Taylor is an ex-British jazz pianist with a strong classical background.

Cream had done a lot of work on

songs among themselves, but we made some changes in the studio too. Like on "Passing The Time," nobody knew what instrumentation to use and it got bogged down. One night Ginger got me out of bed with a long distance phone call from England and played me the melody on an organ. That sound stayed in my head so when I finally saw him in the studio I called up a music shop and ordered a caliope. Jack, who is a fantastic keyboard player, did the song on caliope and I played organ pedals.

We got very excited over "Passing The Time" and finally completed it. It was beautiful. We had the freedom to do what we wanted without any planning. With incredible Tom Dowd running the tape, we could completely forget about the engineering and just concentrate on the music.

The album got bogged down in a lot of places because Cream was working very hard on tour. They were tired and they just wanted to get away.

The last thing we did on the studio album was the vocal track for "Those Were The Days." Jack heard the tune six weeks later and he said, "Wow, what a groovy tune. I don't think I know that one." That's how tired they were.

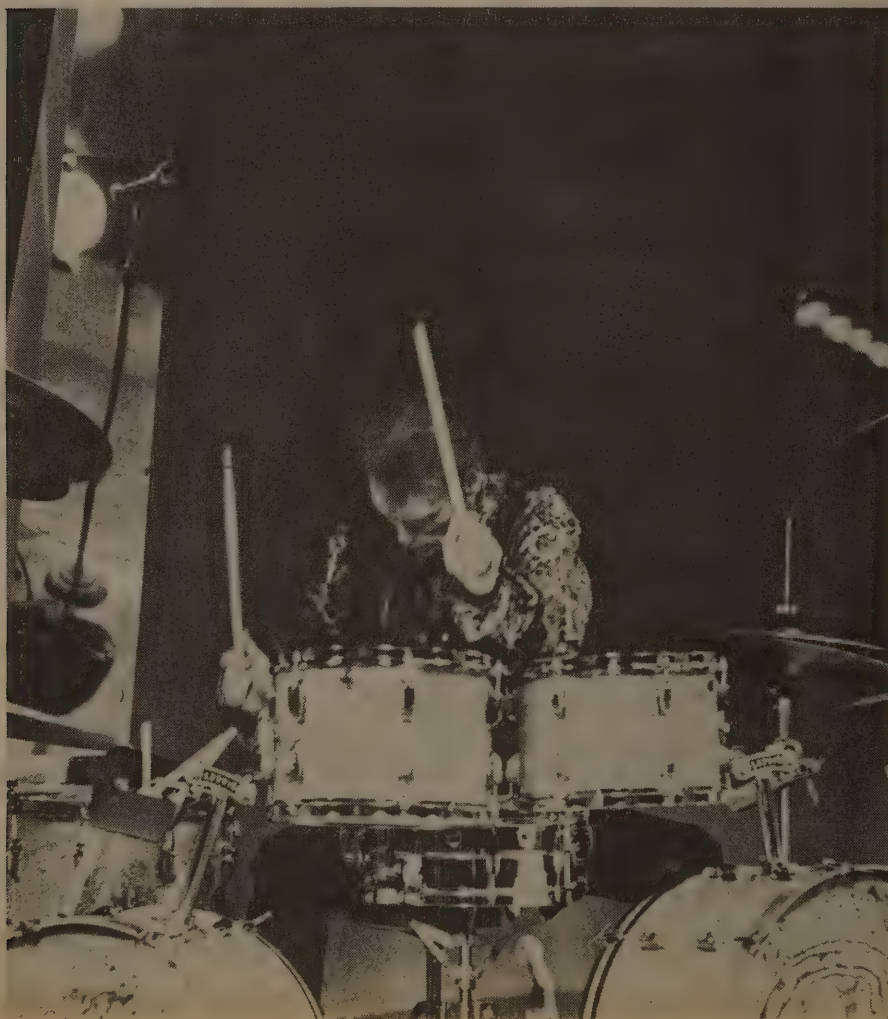
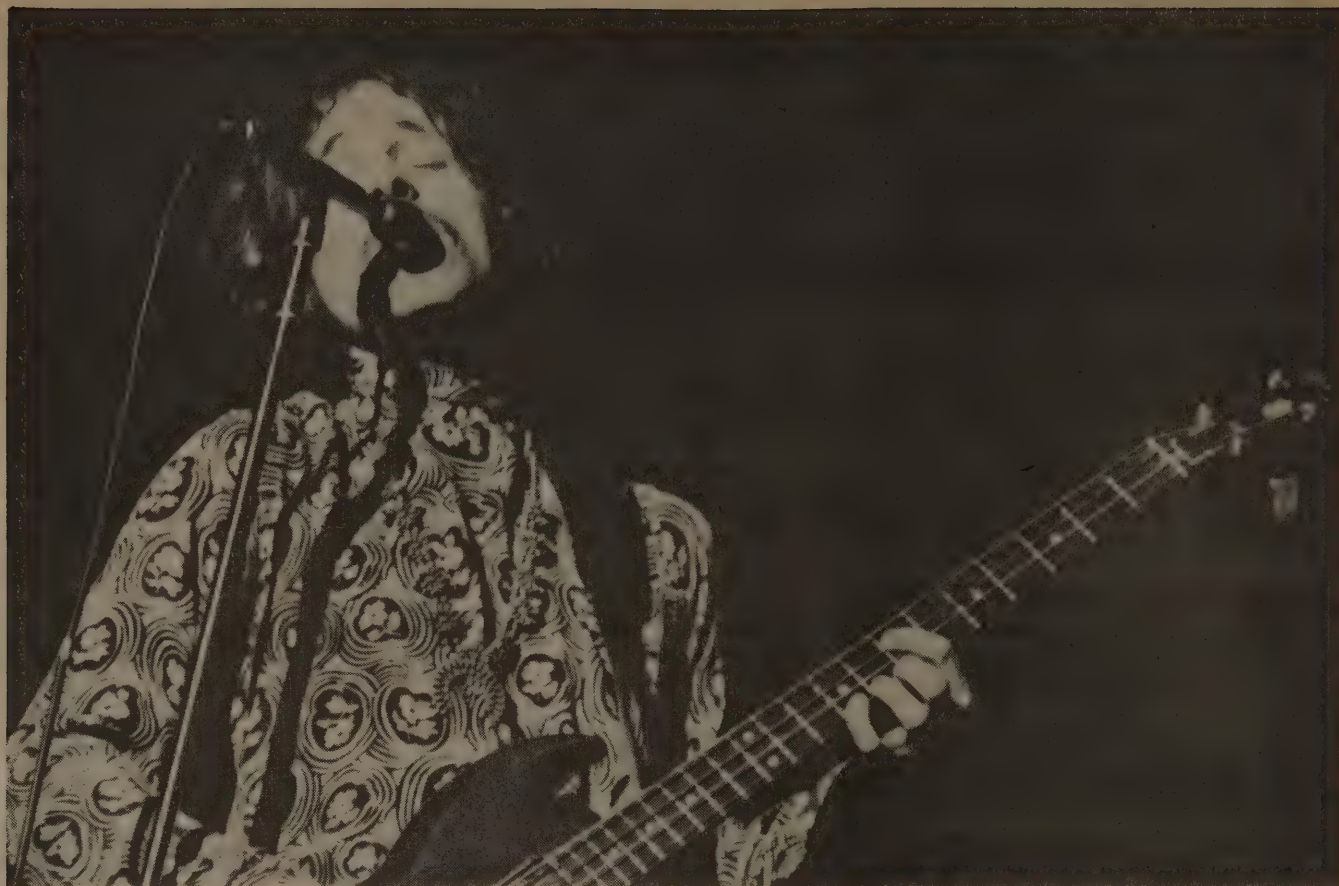
We used every single track we made. We didn't throw anything away. We

approach tunes with a great deal of enthusiasm and thought so there isn't any waste. There's a lot of thought behind the tunes but very little chatter.

We were thinking of putting brass on "Born Under A Bad Sign" but decided against it. Somebody at Atlantic took the Cream track when I wasn't there and overdubbed some King Curtis horns. I didn't like it, but I let Cream hear it and they didn't like it either. I'm glad it didn't work out because there are no studio musicians at all on this album.

I'd say we worked for a good two weeks on the studio album. Sometimes we'd work till four in the morning if it was cooking. Maybe only one guy was cooking so I'd send Jack and Eric home and just work with Ginger or percussion things. On "Deserted Cities Of The Heart," nobody was in the studio except Jack, his wife Janet, Tommy Dowd, myself and my wife, Gail. It was Jack's tune and he knew what he wanted. We just played cello and viola that night.

We did lots of overdubbing which is one of the things that makes a great deal of difference between the art of recording and the art of a live performance. They are two separate things. This is why we wanted the two album set.

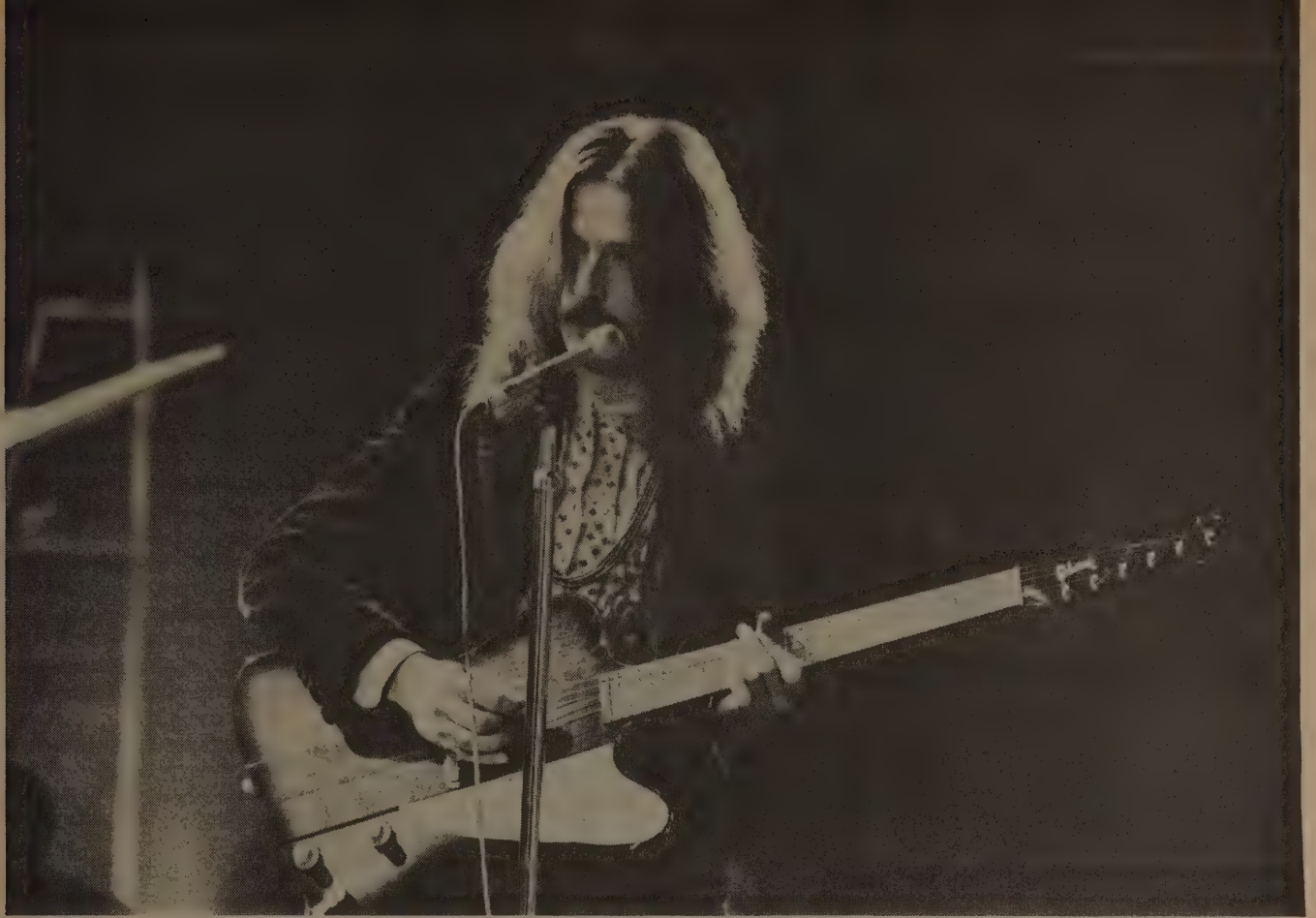


Like "Politician" has a rhythm guitar and two overdubbed floating guitars. They crisscross from right to left in stereo. Eric wanted that and it worked. He wanted it on "Sitting On Top Of The World," too, but it didn't work there, so I changed it. I found it was very annoying. On "As You Said" Jack is recorded five times. On "Pressed Rat and Wart Hog" Jack plays two basses. The second bass comes in at the end and it's a six string. Eric's on three times. I'm on twice with trumpet and tonette. When I played tonette, Jack played recorder. There's a lot of other examples too.

All the songs had finished lyrics when they came into the studio except "Pressed Rat." We changed one line in that on the spur of the moment. Ginger writes a lot of poetry and a lot of it's like "Pressed Rat and Wart Hog," really groovy. Ginger wanted to fly his daughter Niddy over to recite that, but we didn't have time. She knows that whole poem by heart.

The whole studio album was completed before we did the live album. The more we got into the studio album the more necessary it became to do the live one. The studio stuff became very electric so I wanted the live Cream right there where you could get at it, Cream as a trio without the arranging and the electronics. I presented it to Atlantic in this exact way.

At first it was going to be set up so you could buy one or the other and



I'm glad it came out just the way I wanted it. I could understand their apprehension because my way, they'd have to charge about ten dollars for the album. That's a pretty tough thing to sell. But they saw the need for it and made the decision. Hats off to Atlantic.

I knew Cream was going to be at the Fillmore West in San Francisco from the seventh through the tenth of March, so we rented recording equipment from a studio in Los Angeles and it was driven to the Fillmore in a giant Hertz truck. The truck was all decked out inside with two eight-track tape machines, a full console and four speakers. Tommy Dowd was present but the engineer for this session was Bill Halverson, a very young, incredible guy. Tom and Bill carefully set up all the mikes onstage and made preparations.

I don't think the audience even knew what was going on. The shows went on as scheduled and we didn't miss a note. We taped everything for five shows.

When "Spoonful" was finished, I knew immediately that would be on the album. I also knew I wanted numbers that spotlighted each guy as a soloist, but I could only get "Train Time" and "Toad." I've never agreed with Eric's part on solo numbers. It doesn't show him at his best.

There are three solo numbers on the concert side. Eric starts, then Jack

comes in, and Ginger ends it up. To me Eric is greatest when he's playing very lyrical blues guitar. His solo numbers build to such a tempo that it becomes impossible for him to play lyrically. I left a particular track off the album for this reason. I'm dissatisfied that I couldn't get a good Clapton track.

On "Toad" Ginger has total freedom because the other guys walk off the stage and leave him alone. On "Train Time", Jack is backed by Ginger, but it came off well for Jack's vocals and harmonica. My object was to record what they do well without changing them. The live album represents Cream at the particular time they were recording.

I'm sure every musician, in every band, in every country feels they have to have this album as a reference work, if nothing else. There are probably tons of teenyboppers buying the album too, but that's beyond me. I think the main thing that made it sell is the comeback of "Sunshine Of Your Love" as a hit. It struck then just right so they want to see what Cream did on "Disraeli Gears" and "Wheels Of Fire." It's really an educational process. "Sunshine" was a commercial entity — but one of the real good ones. It changed a lot of people.

We hope to record the fourth Cream album in September. It will probably be another live album recorded in San Francisco. □felix pappalardi



THE JEFF



BECK GROUP

"They were standing and cheering for a new British pop group...at the Fillmore East," wrote New York Times critic Robert Shelton after hearing the American debut of Epic Records' Jeff Beck Group. "Jeff Beck...and his band deal in the blues mainly," Mr. Shelton noted, "but with an urgency and sweep that is quite hard to resist. Their dialogues were lean and laconic, the verbal ping pong of a musical Pinter play. The climaxes were primal, bringing the 'big beat' of the English rock school forward." Led by Jeff Beck, who is considered one of the finest guitarists on either side of the Atlantic, the Group consists of Rod Stewart (lead singer), Mick Waller (drums) and Ron Wood (bass guitar and harmonica).

Organized less than a year ago, the Jeff Beck Group has been generating tremendous excitement among pop and blues enthusiasts in this country and abroad. The Group is currently winding up a six-week's cross-country tour during which they played to SRO audiences at the Fillmore East in New York, the Boston Tea Party, the Grande Ballroom in Dearborn, Michigan, the Fillmore West in San Francisco, and the Shrine Exposition Hall in Los Angeles.

"Truth," their debut Epic album, is a potpourri of blues, original compositions such as "Beck's Bolero" and "Rock My Plimsoul," and provocative arrangements and interpretations of the classic "Ol' Man River" and the traditional "Greensleeves."

To a remarkable degree, the group duplicates on record the excitement which characterizes their in-person performances. Beck's guitar mastery is here in full force, creating vivid, moving images in sound. And there's Rod Stewart's voice: pliant, wailing, twisting, stretching a blues phrase until it can go no farther. Together they bring a new dimension to the blues scene.

Jeff Beck, proclaimed by audiences and critics as one of the best blues guitarists around today, hails from Surrey, England, where he was born on June 24, 1944. As a child he sang in the local church choir and began studying music. It was after attending Wimbledon Art College in London for four years that Jeff decided to become a professional musician. He joined The Yardbirds and was soon touring the United States and England. After recording a number of albums with the group—many of which featured Jeff's compositions—he decided to form his own group, "a group where everyone was in musical accord and doing what

he wanted to do most."

A motorcycle enthusiast, Jeff belongs to the British League of Racing Cyclists. He also digs animals and currently shares his London flat with an Afghan hound and 13 cats.

Lead singer Rod Stewart was born in Scotland on January 10, 1945, and was raised in London. One of the Group's most prolific writers, Rod has penned—in collaboration with Jeff Beck—"Let Me Love You" and "Rock My Plimsoul," both of which are featured on the group's debut Epic album, "Truth."

Rod believes that "the British blues scene has been the greatest single influence on my career as a performer. I've been especially influenced by the songs of the late Sam Cooke, and I love to listen to Ritchie Havens. I also dig anything written by the team of Holland-Dozier."

In addition to being the Group's lead vocalist, Rod is also adept on the guitar and the five-string banjo.

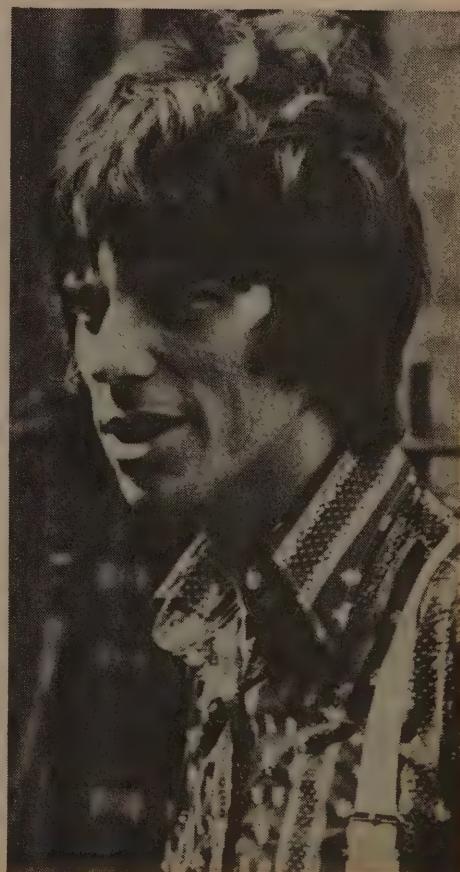
Drummer Mick Waller was born in London on September 6, 1944. After attending Greenford Grammar School, Mick went on to study at London University. Prior to joining The Jeff Beck Group, Mick was one of the busiest session musicians in England and has played with The Rolling Stones, The Animals, Little Richard and Georgie Fame.

Seemingly the introvert of the group, Mick is a motorcycle enthusiast and digs "reading and being alone." He listens to all kinds of music and especially likes The Rolling Stones. Mick's ambition is to achieve enough freedom so as "not to have to depend on other people."

Ron Wood, who is the bass guitar player in The Jeff Beck Group, was born in London on June 1, 1947. Interested in music and painting, Ron attended Ealing Art College and Ruislip Manor Art School before joining the Group. Ron made his first public musical appearance as a youth "on the stage of a local cinema in England. I was ten years old and played the washboard in a skiffle group which consisted of myself and my two brothers."

In addition to playing the bass guitar, Ron is adept on the guitar and harmonica and has "a hand in composing some of our songs." Ron enjoys oil painting and composing and hopes to "have enough freedom someday to do what I want, where I want, and when I want." □

July 1968



THE STORY OF RECORDING TECHNIQUES



quality of the sound from the various mikes. The other one, variously called the "producer" or the "A&R (for "artists and repertoire") man" supervises the whole affair. He works with the musicians, making suggestions to improve their music, and deciding when an acceptable recording has been made. He also works with the engineer, giving directions as to the exact kind of sound he wants, which instruments should be loudest and so on. There are many variations to these functions. Many producers take a very active part in the engineering, sometimes actually twisting dials themselves. On the other hand, many records are made without a producer, in which case the engineer tends to make more of his own decisions, and may even get involved in the music itself.

Twenty years ago, the engineering part of the game was a little less complicated. Most instruments were unamplified, and the majority of the records made in any given idiom of music used the same sounds. A studio could be set up for an orchestra, and many sides made with only minor adjustments. Since then a tremendous rush of inventions and refinements in recording equipment have greatly increased the flexibility of the recording process, and have also made it much more complex. Nowadays, each new tune presents a whole new set of problems to be solved, and a whole new set of opportunities for original techniques.

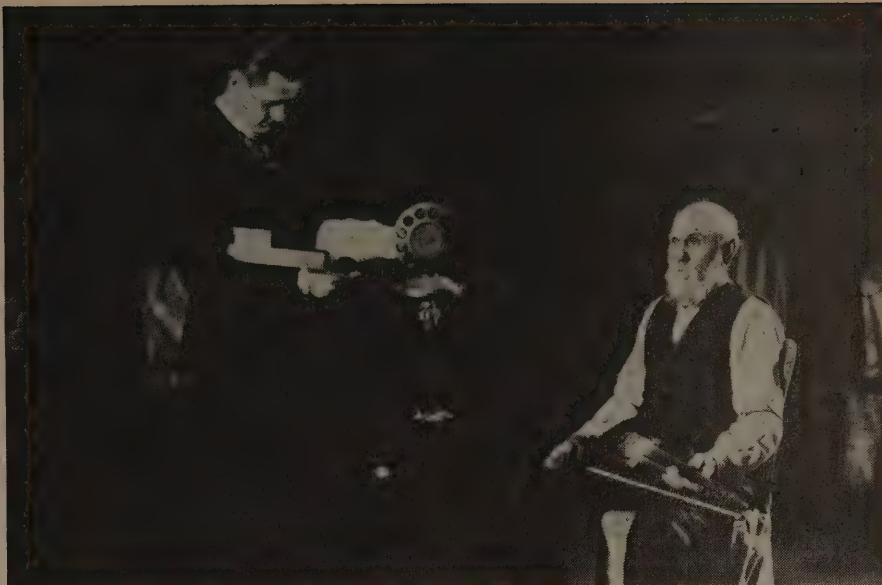
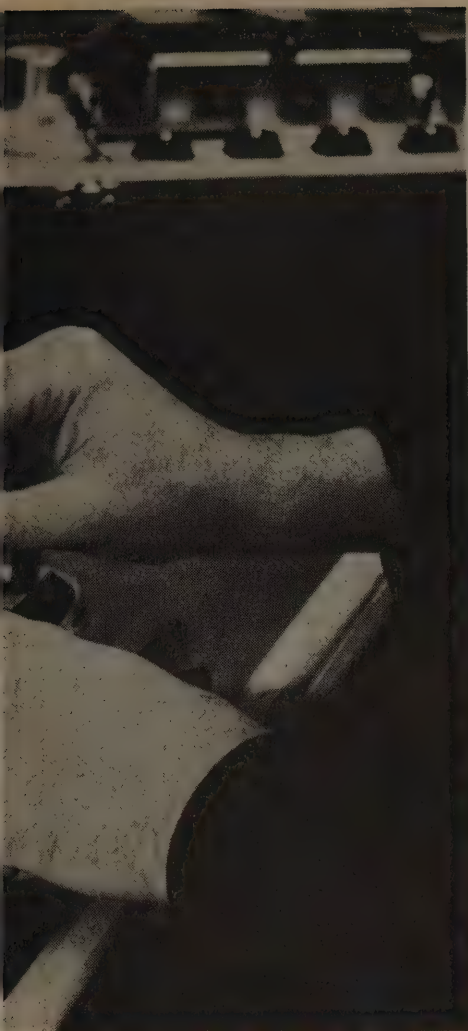
The maze of dials, wires, and machines found in a modern studio can be truly intimidating to the spectator or the musician. But each piece of equipment, every technique, has evolved from an earlier one which was less flexible or less efficient, but simpler. So the best way to explain the whole process is to do it historically.

The phonograph was invented long before the microphone was; in 1877 to be exact. Public sale of phonographs and records began in 1889. At first there was a great deal of conflict and competition involving various systems, especially between cylinder and disc machines. There were three different methods of cutting the grooves, each of which required a different type of phonograph. The whole episode was something like today's conflict between the 4-track, 8-track and cassette systems for miniature tape players. About 1905, the disc record, made in 10" and 12" sizes and playing at about 78 rpm, became the favored system.

The whole story of these fascinating developments may be read in Roland Gelatt's excellent book, *The Fabulous Phonograph*. But for our purposes, we can jump ahead to 1925, when electrical recording (using a microphone instead of a big horn) was introduced. Only then could all the instruments of the orchestra be recorded; before that, many of them (especially bass instruments) simply would

How do you make a hit rock record? Find you a group, set up the tape recorder, and let 'em play? There was a time when you could do it almost that simply, but it's long gone. To meet the competition today, you have to make your records larger than life. The producers and engineers have to be as talented as the musicians they record. Today's great record men, people like George Martin, Jimmy Miller, Lou Adler and Richard Perry, are real artists whose work has truly shaped the form of our contemporary music.

In a rock recording session, there will usually be two people working in the studio in addition to the musicians. One of them is the engineer, who sets up the microphones, operates the tape machines, and twists the dozens of dials which adjust the volume and tone



Left, a modern Ampex Tape Machine. Above, a 1920's session.

not reproduce. Recording was done directly on discs, made of wax or some other soft but firm substance. The microphone picked up the sound waves from the musicians, and transformed them into waves of electrical energy, which were passed on to the disc-cutting machine. This machine cut a continuous groove, which wiggled from side to side according to the electric waves fed into the machine. Thus the disc contained a "record" of the sound waves which had originally entered the microphone. By electroplating of the wax disc, molds were obtained which could be used for pressing as many duplicates of that wax disc as the company could sell. Each duplicate, made of a fairly hard compound of shellac and clay, could be played on a phonograph, which would transfer the wiggles in the disc back to electrical waves, which activated a loudspeaker and filled the room with music.

The phonographs of today work on much the same principle; most of them will still play records made up to seventy years ago. From 1925 to the late 1940's there was not much change in the recording method either, though the quality of the microphones (and hence the quality of the recorded sound) was steadily improved. Many recordings, right up to the beginning of the stereo era, were made with just one microphone, whose position in the studio determined the relative prominence of the voices and the instruments.



Often, recordings were made during radio broadcasts like Billie Holiday with Count Basie Band above.

But at a very early stage, in the 1920's, someone discovered that much greater flexibility could be achieved by using two or more microphones. Suppose, for instance, you had a singer with a relatively quiet voice, which was the case with many pop singers in the 1920's and 1930's. If you used only one microphone for both him and the orchestra, either the singer would be drowned out, or the orchestra would have to sit so far from the mike that it would sound faint and lifeless on the record. Solution: Put the singer in a separate room or booth, with his own mike; record the orchestra with another mike; have them listen to each other by means of earphones. Then you can adjust the relative volume of the two mikes until the balance is right, and both singer and orchestra can be properly heard. This adjustment what we call "mixing"; it is still a fundamental technique of recording. More complex, but much more flexible, than using just one mike.

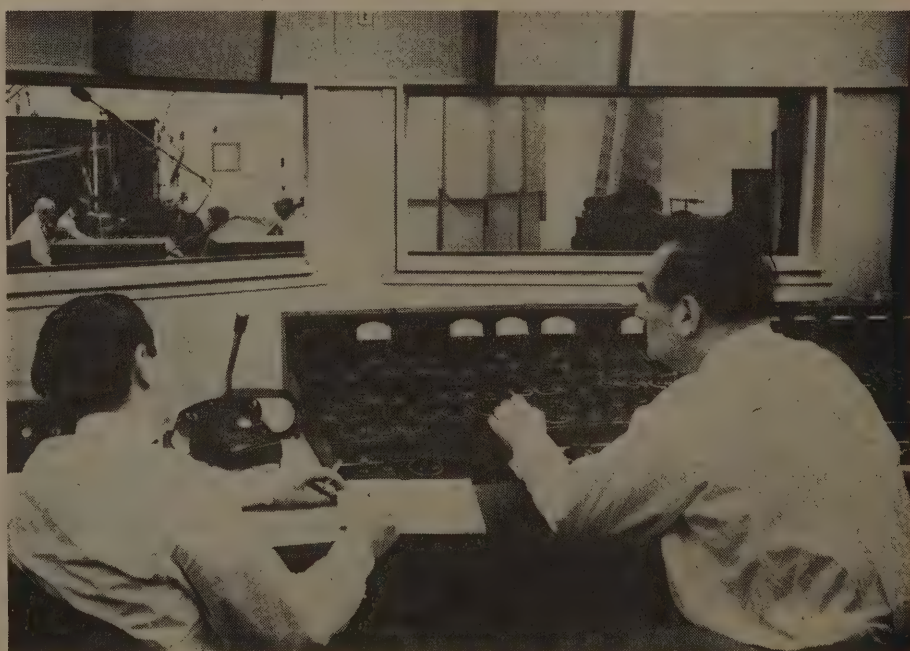
The next major advance was the introduction of tape recording. The first practical tape recorders were made by the Germans in the early 1940's; after the Allies captured a few specimens, the system was perfected by American engineers. In a tape recording, the electrical waves produced by the mikes are preserved as magnetic impulses on a tape made of plastic coated with iron oxide (a refined form of ordinary rust), rather than as wiggles on a disc. Recordings made on tape still had to be transferred to a wax disc, to be duplicated in the old way, but the tremendous advance in sound quality more than made up for this extra step.

Tape also added to the flexibility (and complexity) of the recording process in several other ways. One advantage was immediately put to good use. In the days of direct recording on disc, each performance had to be recorded straight through from beginning to end; one mistake and the whole thing had to be done over. Tape, however, can be cut, and different sections spliced together; if it's done right, the splices are undetectable. So the beginning of one performance can be spliced to the end of another, preserving the best of each. Or you can be creative and splice together two sections that could not possibly have been recorded at one pass (for instance, have the same musician appear to be playing the piano for one bar and the glockenspiel for the next). Both types of splices are used frequently in rock, though perhaps not as much now as previously (there are legends afoot of Fabian performances containing hundreds of splices). The Mothers use a lot of creative splices.

Another great opportunity presented by tape is that of overdubbing. Though theoretically feasible with direct-disc recording, overdubbing became really effective only with the greater sound quality of tape. Overdubbing is the process of taking an existing recording and adding another one to it, so that you hear both; the process can be repeated so that you hear many different recordings at once. It became very popular in 1949, at which time it was done by playing back a



The inside of a modern, sophisticated control booth.



The sound of each instrument is controlled by several knobs.



Gene Vincent used more advanced techniques.

previously-made recording on one tape machine, mixing it with a live microphone (in the same way you would mix two microphones) and recording the mixture on a second tape recorder. Les Paul and Mary Ford were the most famous overdubbers; the technique was used to convert Mary's voice into a chorus, and Les' guitar into an orchestra. Patti Page also used it regularly to multiply her voice.

Another type of overdubbing occurred when Bing Crosby recorded "Now Is The Hour" in Hollywood, using an instrumental background that Guy Lombardo had recorded in New York. For some time the American Federation of Musicians fought the practice, contending that their musicians' recording time would be curtailed.

Still another tape technique, used by Les Paul and many others up to this day, is the alteration of speed, so that you hear a recording at a faster or slower speed than it had originally been made. This is how The Chipmunks' voices were preserved for posterity.

Another huge advance in tape technique was to come in the 1950's. But meanwhile there was a major revolution in the manufacture of the actual discs you play on your Victrola. This was, of course, the conversion from shellac 78's to vinyl LP's and 45's. The 33 rpm LP was introduced by Columbia in 1948, and was made in three sizes, including a 7" size for singles. RCA Victor replied with the 45 rpm disc in 1949, and for a year the two systems competed fiercely. Finally, RCA began making LP's, and Columbia dropped its 7" LP and began making 45's. From then until recently, LP's were standard for classical music and other productions aimed at the elite public, while 45's dominated popular music. Classical 78's were finished by 1951 (the speed of that transition was incredible),

while pop 78's gradually ebbed away until their demise in 1960.

That other huge advantage in tape came with the discovery that two independent recordings could be made side by side on a single tape. If you recorded the same performance with two different microphones, and put each microphone's output on its own portion of the tape, and played it back through two speakers, a greatly improved effect of realism was obtained. This is what we call stereo, and it was immediately put to use for classical recordings. Pop record men discovered in addition that having two perfectly synchronized channels to work with made overdubbing much easier. At first stereo recordings were available to the public only on tape, but in the late 1950's the disc process, using up-and-down as well as side-to-side wiggles in the groove, was perfected.

On a normal-width tape, you can get two separate channels with fully professional quality standards. It was a natural step to start making wider tape to accommodate more channels. Three, and then four-track recording became prevalent in the early 1960's, and lately eight-track has become the rule, with 12 and 16 tracks or more on the horizon. The eight-track studio system should not be confused with the cartridge eight-track system, which plays only two of those eight tracks at any given time. The studio eight-track system allows eight completely independent recordings to be synchronized, which practically eliminates the need for a second machine in the overdubbing process.

Multiple-track recording, however, adds an extra step to the process, for these eight tracks have to be "mixed down" to the two tracks you hear on your stereo, or the one you hear on the radio. Many engineers and producers consider this process to be as important as the original recording technique

in the making of a successful record.

The coming of rock has done some very strange things to the process of making records. By 1954, pop music had been stylistically stagnant for a number of years. One advantage of this was that the engineers and producers had evolved proven and efficient ways of recording it. They were proud of their methods, and loath to tamper with success. The major label studios were hardly the breeding grounds for the Rock Revolution. Rock was born in the funkier surroundings of the smaller companies catering to the black and hillbilly record buyers. Here the truth and effectiveness of the message was valued more than finesse in recording. (Admittedly, few negroes could afford phonographs capable of bringing out the subtler aspects of a 1953 pop record). Though some R&B-oriented companies, such as Atlantic and King, ran efficient studios with modern equipment, others used whatever they could scrounge up. By 1953, there were a number of fairly good portable tape recorders on the market, and some companies got by without even using a studio, setting up in a convenient living room or garage.

A lot of hit records preserved the products of hideously malfunctioning machines. But some of the small-label engineers showed a lot of rock-revolutionary spirit. Chess-Checker, in Chicago, was engaged in recording the local electric blues. In its club environment, this music was played through amps played far above the distortion level; that is the way Chess recorded it. The boys at RCA or Columbia would have shuddered at the thought of such a thing, but their modern counterparts are hard at work making their million-dollar equipment produce the sounds Chess got with hand-me-downs.

The possibility of making hit records with cheap equipment lead to an incredible proliferation of two-bit record labels in the 1950's, a few of which survived to become large record labels in the 1960's. (Motown, Roulette, and Bell, to name some). But the small-company era is over now. Perhaps its death knell was rung when the Beatles signed with E.M.I., the world's largest record company (owners of Parlophone in England and Capitol in America, among many other labels). Rock groups began demanding better recording, and as rock became more profitable, the companies that could afford it gave it to them. The companies that couldn't soon lost their groups and faded away. A few brilliant recordings of modern rock have been made on older mono equipment (most of the Stax-Volt recordings up to 1966, for example). But by 1967 the companies with elaborate multi-track recording setups and first-class engineers were putting out sounds that the shoestring operations just couldn't match. As more and more rock fans acquired high-quality stereo sets, that difference became much more important than it had been in the 1950's, when everybody had \$29.95 portables or old-time 78 radio-phonographs. The result has been a return to the old situation of a

(continued on page 53)



BIG BROTHER & THE HOLDING COMPANY

WHERE THEY'RE AT



Big Brother and the Holding Company exploded on the national scene in the summer of 1967 at the Monterey Pop Festival when Janis Joplin, feet slightly apart and hair streaming in the wind, tensed her slight body as for a high jump, seized the microphone and split the air into shockwaves with the first notes that bolted from her astounding throat.

The following February, the group hit New York and the Eastern seaboard for the first time, bursting through the usual complacency of East Coast audiences and critics with the charged force of a starburst. Big Brother and the Holding Company went over the edge of being a leading San Francisco rock group to the very top of the mountain.

Tight, inventive and spontaneous, the group moves easily through rock, jazz, folk and blues in the freewheeling manner associated with the San Francisco

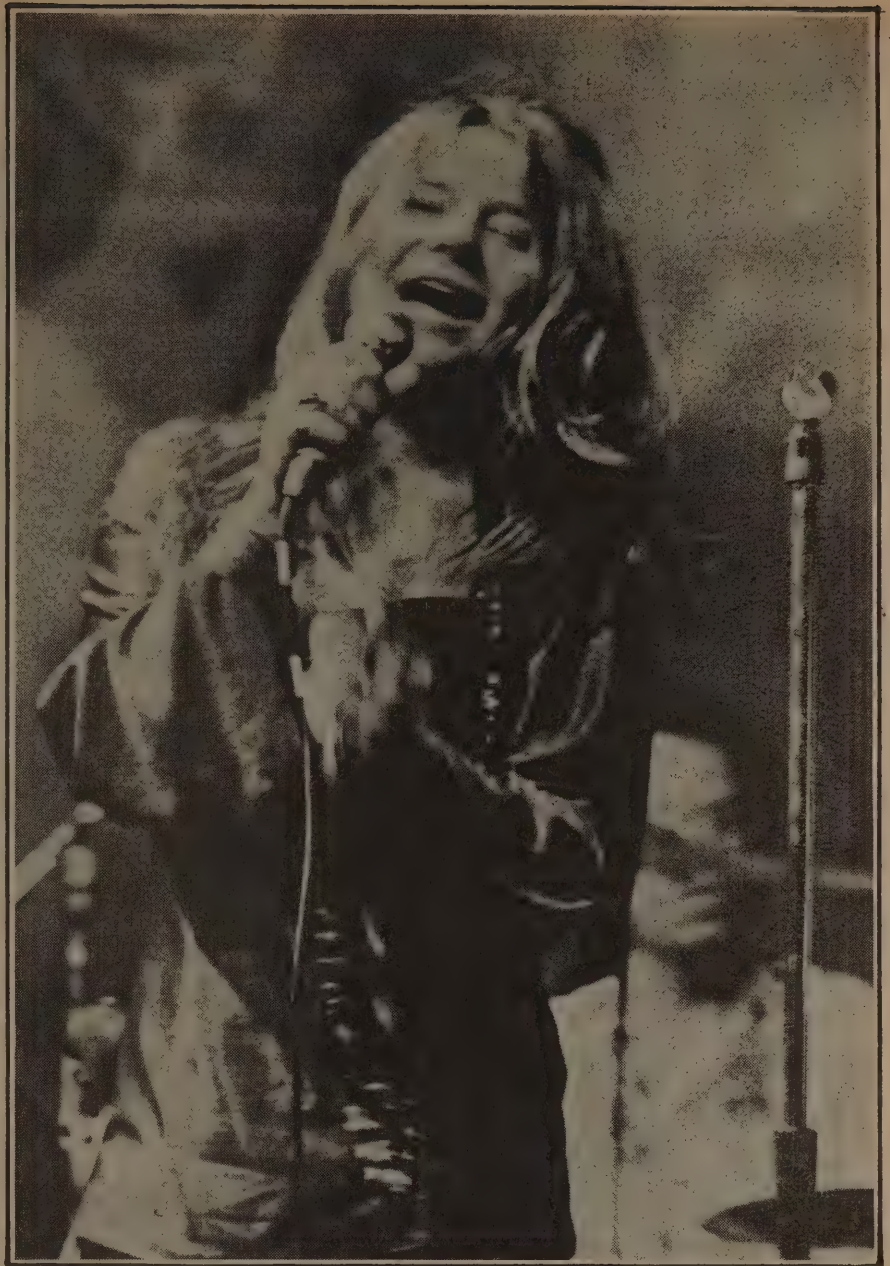
sound, but beyond that, pushed to thundering abandon by the whirling dervish at the center of it all. Janis Joplin defies physiology, her voice clutched in a shuddering huskiness or shrieking as a witch exorcising demons. She redefines gracefulness, spinning in frenzy, feet stamping, head bobbing, hips jumping with feverish impudence. In her warm, tough gentleness, she turns the meaning of beauty counterclockwise, and she is unquestionably the most magnificent white blues singer of the decade.

That reputation firmly established, it is also agreed that Big Brother and the Holding Company have not, until now, been properly represented on records, and hardly any album in recording history has been so anxiously awaited as their first LP on the Columbia label, called "Cheap Thrills" for the wild and whacky fun of it. To be sure, Janis Joplin is a heavy, a little girl whose three-octave range is a vehicle for emotions that spill out in a careening prism as dizzying as a roller coaster. Nonetheless, as she bluntly puts it, "Our music is not a cerebral trip. It's nothing without the guts." Peter Albin, the group's bass player, adds that "Everything we do is to get on the trip of having fun."

As San Francisco groups are wont to do, Big Brother and the Holding Company first came together without a deliberate plan, the setting in their case a free-for-all crash pad at 1090 Page Street in Haight-Ashbury. Chet Helm, now head of the Family Dog, was its mentor. If you wanted to jam, you came there to work out, and if you were good, the word got around. Peter Albin, bass and vocals; Sam Andrew, guitar and vocals; James Gurley, guitar and vocals; and a drummer, later replaced by Dave Getz, were very good; and the four moved out of the confines of 1090 Page to make it big at the three-day rock bacchanale known as the Trips Festival in January, 1966. Dave Getz became a member of the group a few months later, and with steady appearances at the Avalon Ballroom, the group gradually became one of the more popular of the nearly 1500 bands proliferating in the Bay area.

In June of 1966, Janis Joplin, who'd been in Port Arthur, Texas, had sung country music and blues with an Austin, Texas, bluegrass band, and had kicked around the West Coast singing blues in Frisco bars, joined Big Brother. Something tore loose — inside the band and inside of Janis.

Janis: her surface as salty as seawater, as hard and crusty as sun-baked earth. Flip the coin. Her insides are weighted with the vulnerability of an innocent and helpless child. You can hear it in the pleading urgency that sneaks through the raunchy hoarseness of her speech. You can see it when her blue feline eyes stop blazing and ebb to sadness, when the furrows in her brow



give way to her indescribably radiant smile.

Port Arthur, Texas, is an oil-refinery town populated by some 60,000 middle-income bracket people who like their drive-in movies, corner drug stores and get-married-to-the-guy-next-door way of life left undisturbed. Janis Joplin's father works for the Texaco Canning Company; her mother is employed as registrar of a business college. If one doesn't decide to buck it, Port Arthur can be a comfortable place to live. Janis began bucking like a wild colt when she was about fourteen.

"I was a sensitive child," she recalls. "I had a lot of hurts and confusions. You know, it's hard when you're a kid to be different. You're all full of things, and you don't know what it's about."

In her private moments, Janis painted and read poetry. More conspicuously, she set out with ferocious rebellion to be as beat as Port Arthur would tolerate.

That wasn't very much, and Janis still harbors something less than kindly feelings towards her hometown. "Man, those people hurt me," she says grimly.

When she was seventeen, Janis ran away: Houston, Venice Beach, San Francisco, Austin, anyplace. She dropped in and out of four colleges, worked a little and drew unemployment a lot. Somewhere along the line, she began to sing.

"Back in Port Arthur, I'd heard some Leadbelly records, and, well, if the blues syndrome is true, I guess it's true about me. So I began listening to blues and folk music. I bought Bessie Smith and Odetta records, and one night, I was at this party and I did an imitation of Odetta. I'd never sung before, and I came out with this huge voice."

Not yet aware of just what that voice was capable of displaying, Janis used it smooth and easy in the folk clubs and bars of Venice Beach and San Fran-



cisco. She wore a white shirt and dirty blue jeans, kept her body still and her feelings harnessed. "Then things got all messed up for me out there," she says.

Janis went back to the hillbilly bars of Austin, and there, a friend of Chet Helm's found her and brought her back to San Francisco. "He told me Big Brother was looking for a chick singer, so I thought I'd give it a try," she recalls. "I don't know what happened. I just exploded. I'd never sung like that before. I'd been into a Bessie Smith-type thing, you know. Big open notes. I stood still, and I sang simple. But you can't sing like that in front of a rock band, all that rhythm and volume going. You have to sing loud and move wild with all that in back of you. It happened the first time, but then I got turned on to Otis Redding, and I just got into it more than ever. Now, I don't know how to perform any other way. I've tried cooling myself and not screaming, and I've walked off feeling like nothing."

The band, catching fire in her equator-like heat, began to bounce its music off Janis in something that Peter Albin regers to as "new blues." "It's not 'white soul' either," he explains. "It's just us—white, middle-class old-time beatniks."

Peter, as the most organized beatnik of the group, is official leader of the band—more or less. "I don't look like one," he says cheerfully, "but I really always have been an organizer. I ran a newspaper when I was at San Mateo

College, and I headed up clubs in high school. I also talk a lot, try to get people to move."

Born in San Francisco, Peter comes from a middle-class suburban family. His father is an editor and illustrator, his mother a musically gifted housewife. "There's a lot of individuality in my family," he says. "I have a bohemian aunt who's a dancer."

Peter began guitar when he was fourteen. In high school he started playing folk music, got to listening to John Lee Hooker and swiftly took to doing blues vocals. With music still somewhat of a hobby, he entered San Mateo Junior College to major in art. "I was going to be a teacher. Then I got interested in photography and transferred to San Francisco State, but they didn't have the courses I wanted, and, since I was getting more and more into music, I dropped out."

Peter then knocked around San Francisco, playing country blues and rock, worked with Pig Pen and Jerry Garcia before they formed the Grateful Dead, and had already played in folk festivals at San Mateo and the San Francisco State Folk Festival before Big Brother evolved.

Sam Andrew, lead and rhythm guitar and vocals, has a background in jazz and what Peter calls "old-timey" rock and roll. He was born in Taft, California, but from there on, home was wherever his father, who was in the Air Force,

was duty-bound to locate. That included San Antonio, Texas, and later, Okinawa.

Sam started guitar when he was fourteen, played with a rock band in high school, but buried his musical instincts for a while when he set out to get his B.A. at San Francisco State College in English literature.

While in college, he learned to play tenor sax and worked with a rock and roll band. With mixed feelings, he started to go for his Masters at the University of California at Berkeley. "I guess they weren't so mixed," he says, "because I left and took off for Paris, played rock there, went to Spain and Germany and played some more." Sam landed back in San Francisco playing jazz guitar at a club on Haight Street. "Then one night I was walking by this house, and I heard this music. The music was from Peter and the house was 1090 Page and here I am."

James Gurley, lead and rhythm guitar and vocals, says that being with Big Brother has given him a sense of permanence he never knew. You can get it straight from him that he was born in Detroit and that his father is a thrill-show driver. He began to play guitar after high school, then ran off to California. After that you take his own words: "Been bumming around, picking up on Ornette Coleman, Lightnin' Hopkins, Big Bill Broonzy, Bach, Vivaldi, Lord Buckley, Moondog, Big Sur, Mexico, Zen, Zap, Zonk, the usual. I also toured

with my father's thrill show, lived with a tribe of Indians in Mexico and built myself a house in Big Sur made of trees, cardboard and tin cans."

Born in Brooklyn, Dave Getz began playing drums when he was fourteen. Around the same time, he started to draw and for many years, thought he was more interested in art than music. "I was also a beatnik, and there's no context for that in Brooklyn, I felt like a freak."

David entered art school at Cooper Union in Manhattan when he was seventeen, but continued to play jazz with various bands in New York. "Mostly schlock weekend gigs for bread," he recalls.

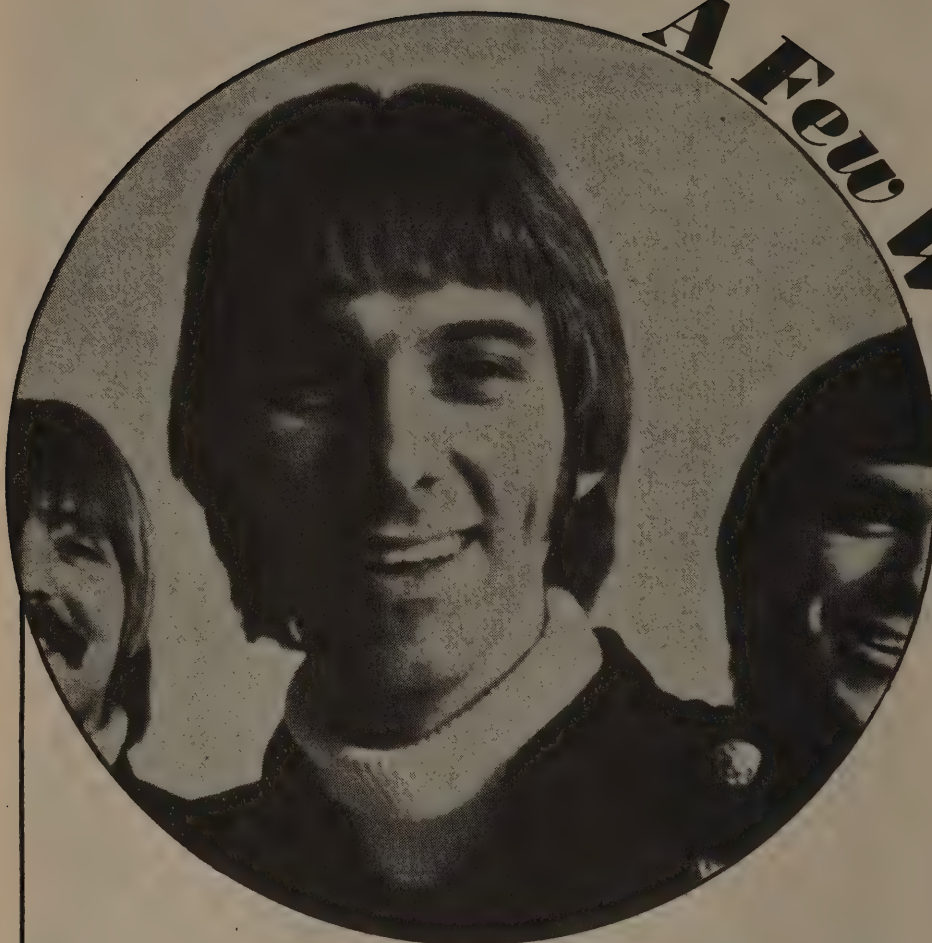
In 1959, David took off for Europe with a Dixieland band and the following year, moved to San Francisco, where he attended the Art Institute, again abandoning the drums. A Fullbright scholarship sent him to Poland, and there he began drumming again. He returned to San Francisco in 1965. "I hit on Peter in a Frisco cafe where I'd gone to hear the group, and I just knew I didn't want to paint. I wanted to drum, so I kept insisting that they let me go with them. I always dug soul, but I never had cause to play that way. Big Brother was my chance."

Sam and Peter write most of the group's music, Janis writes the lyrics. "I don't think I can write songs," she says, rambling on about her unceasing variations on the themes of love. "I know they're all the same really. You know what we call them? We call them 'Women Is Losers, Versions No. 26, 27, 28, and 29.' But those are the lyrics that are inside of me. They're mine. Besides, I'm a singer, that's all I'm supposed to be."

All good singers convey something of their private selves. Janis Joplin puts her guts on the line. "I'm a victim of my own insides," she says. "There was a time when I wanted to know everything. I read a lot. I guess you'd say I was pretty intellectual. It's odd. I can't remember when it changed. It used to make me very unhappy, all that feeling. I just didn't know what to do with it, but now, I've learned how to make feeling work for me. I'm full of emotion, and I want a release. And if you're on stage and if it's really working and you've got the audience with you, it's a oneness you feel. I'm into me, plus they're into me, and everything comes together. You're full of it. I don't know. I just want to feel as much as I can. It's not always wise, but it's super-valid, and maybe it's much wiser. It's what 'soul' is all about." □



A Few Words With



Sometimes it's quite difficult to simulate our recorded strings and horns on stage. But we've got a very good organ player, Dwight and between him and our bass and drums and Mutha on piano, they fill in with a lot of sounds. In fact, I'm able to sing our songs without playing guitar.

Also Dwight and Mutha play horns, but all our equipment was stolen a while back, and the horns cost around six hundred dollars apiece. As soon as we get new ones we'll use them too. I think it's important because the kids dig it when you play different instruments.

I'm not sick of singing our hit songs on all the gigs. Those songs did a lot for us so I can't dislike them. It's a kick to sing those songs when the people are digging them.

We've been on the road almost every

night since "Woman Woman" hit and just recently we took four days off to rehearse for our next album, and the vocals should be finished by the end of August. Then our producer, Jerry Fuller, will put strings and horns over the songs.

Lately, Jerry and myself have been writing songs together and two guys in the band write together. We're preparing them for the album now. So far everything we've recorded has been done in Columbia Studio A in Los Angeles. There were a couple of vocal tracks that we cut in New York but I'd really love to record in Nashville. There's some fantastic facilities available down there.

I'm going to try and get off this lonely woman theme. Our next single "Over You" is about a guy who misses a girl and the sound is quite different.

I learned to sing a long time ago.

My mother and father both sang and played instruments years ago during the big band era. I always loved to sing so I joined the high school choir. I learned to play guitar too. Usually I just played guitar and never thought much of my singing. We also had an eleven piece band and five singers but we could never make any money so we cut it down to six pieces. Then I had to sing and I really enjoyed it.

I never took any lessons, I just copied everybody. I used to try and sing like Otis Redding and Tom Jones, people with powerful voices. That's where I learned inflection. Then I wanted to learn on my own and I sang all R&B stuff but I always had the vibrato.

In San Diego, I worked with a guy who had a real heavy voice like Bill Medley, but straight with no vibrato. He and I sang Righteous Brothers stuff with our own arrangements. This is where I really learned I had a mousy voice back then.

Every night I practiced and finally found that the voice is in the diaphragm not in the throat. It surprised me when I discovered that. That's how R&B singers get that deep soulful wail. They get it out from deep down inside. I love to sing "Old Man River" with those deep sounds.

Right now my favorite vocalists are Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett, Eddie Floyd, B.B. King and Albert King. That funky stuff really gets me.

We're starting to have more freedom doing our own material now. Like our first two albums were all current hit songs but now that we have a name, the third album will be all original material. We hope our next single will be our own songs too. □ gary puckett

GARY PUCKETT



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• FOOL FOR YOU

(As recorded by the Impressions/
Curtom)

CURTIS MAYFIELD

Never liked nobody that's been
mean to me
I've got a heart full of stone
And I hate the misery
Then you came along into my life
Destroying me more, mounting up the
toil and strife
But I'm a fool for you, I'm a fool for you
I'm a fool for you, I'm a fool for you
Guess I'll always be
And I claim it famously.
Cause I'm a fool for you.

It's a doggone shame knowing you don't
love me
You go on and use me so continuously
I don't know whey I love you like I do
When you're breaking my heart and you
know it's true
But I'm a fool for you
I'm a fool for you, I'm a fool for you
I'm a fool for you
Doggin' me everyday
But child I'm here to stay
Cause I'm a fool for you
You don't want me to stay
But I'm a fool for you
Do me wrong now everyday
Child I'm a fool for you
I'm a fool for you, child I'm a fool for
you.

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• SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

(As recorded by Max Frost & The
Troopers/Tower)

**BARRY MANN
CYNTHIA WEIL**

There's a new sun risin' up
Angry in the sky
And there's a new voice cryin'
We're not afraid to die
Let the old world make believe
It's blind, and deaf and dumb
But nothing can change the shape of
things to come.

There are changes lying ahead on every
road
And there are new thoughts ready
and waitin' to explode
When tomorrow is today
The bells may toll for some
But nothing can change the shape of
things to come.

The future's coming in now sweet and
strong
Ain't no one gonna hold it back alone
There are young dreams crowdin' out old
realities
There's revolution sweepin' in like a fresh
new breeze
Let the old world make believe
It's blind and deaf and dumb
But nothing can change the shape of
things to come.

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• I'VE GOT DREAMS TO REMEMBER

(As recorded by Otis Redding/Atco)

**ZELMA REDDING
OTIS REDDING
JOE ROCK**

I've got dreams to remember
Dreams to remember
I've got dreams to remember
Honey, I saw you there last night
Another man's arms holding you tight
Nobody knows what I feel inside
All I know I walked away and cried
I've got dreams to remember, listen to me
I've got dreams to remember.

I know you said he was just a friend
But I saw him kiss you again and again
These eyes of mine they don't fool me
Why did he hold you so tenderly
I've got dreams to remember, listen honey
I've got dreams to remember.

I still want you to stay
Still love you anyway
I don't want you to ever leave
Girl you just satisfy me ooo-wee
I know you said he was just a friend
But I saw him kiss you again and again
These eyes of mine they don't fool me
Why did he hold you so tenderly
I've got dreams to remember
Listen to me mother
I've got dreams to remember
Don't make me suffer, rough dreams,
bad dreams.

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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

• DIDN'T WE

(As recorded by Richard Harris/
Dunhill)

JIMMY WEBB

This time we almost made the pieces fit
didn't we?
This time we almost made some sense of
it didn't we?
This time I had the answer right here in
my hand
Then I touched it and it had turned to
sand.

This time we almost sang the song in tune
didn't we?
This time we almost made it to the moon
didn't we?
This time we almost made our poem rhyme
This time we almost made that long hard
climb
Didn't we almost make it this time.
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• THE SNAKE

(As recorded by Al Wilson/Soul City)
OSCAR BROWN, JR.

On her way to work one morning
Down the path along side the lake
A tender hearted woman saw a poor half
frozen snake
His pretty colored skin had been all frosted
with the dew
"Poor thing," she cried, "I'll take you in
and I'll take care of you"
"Take me in, tender woman
Take me in, for heaven's sake
Take me in, tender woman," sighed the
snake.

She wrapped him all cozy in a comforter
of silk
And laid him by her fireside with some
honey, and some milk
She hurried home from work that night
and soon as she arrived
She found that pretty snake she'd taken in
had been revived
"Take me in, tender woman
Take me in, for heaven's sake
Take me in, tender woman," sighed the
snake.

She clutched him to her bosom, "You're so
beautiful," she cried
"But if I hadn't brought you in by now
you might have died"
She stroked his pretty skin again and
kissed and held him tight
Instead of saying thanks, the snake gave
her a vicious bite
"Take me in, tender woman
Take me in, for heaven's sake
Take me in, tender woman," sighed the
snake.

"I saved you," cried the woman
"And you've bitten me, but why?
You know your bite is poisonous
and now I'm going to die"
"Oh, shut up, silly woman," said the
reptile with a grin
"You knew damn well I was a snake
before you took me in
"Take me in, tender woman
Take me in, for heaven's sake
Take me in, tender woman," sighed the
snake.

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• THE WEIGHT

(As recorded by Jamie Robbie Robert-
son, Dick Danko, Richard Manuel, Garth
Hudson, Leven Helm/Capitol)

J. R. ROBERTSON

I pulled in to Nazareth
Was feelin' 'bout half past dead
I just need some place where I can lay
my head
Hey mister can you tell me where a man
might find a bed
He just grinned and shook my hand
No was all he said

Take a load off Fanny
Take a load for free
Take a load off Fanny
And, and, and you put the load right on
me.

I picked up my bag
I went lookin' for a place to hide
When I saw Carmen and the Devil walking
side by side
I said hey Carmen, come on let's go
downtown
She said I gotta go
But my friend can stick around
Take a load off Fanny
Take a load for free
Take a load off Fanny
And, and, and you put the load right on
me.

Go down Miss Moses there's nothing you
can say
It's just old Luke and Luke's waiting on
the judgement day
Well Luke my friend what about young
Anna Lee
He said do me a favor son
Won't you stay and keep Anna Lee
company
Take a load off Fanny
Take a load for free
Take a load off Fanny
And, and, and you put the load right on
me.

Crazy Chester followed me
And he caught me in the fog
He said I will fix your rack
If you take Jack my dog
I said wait a minute Chester
Now I'm a peaceful man
He said that's okay, boy, won't you feed
him when you can
Take a load off Fanny
Take a load for free
Take a load off Fanny
And, and, and you put the load right on
me.

Catch a cannonball now to take me down
the line
My bag is sinking low and I do believe
it's time
To get back to Miss Fanny
You know she's the only one
Who sent me here with her regards for
everyone
Take a load off Fanny
Take a load for free
Take a load off Fanny
And, and, and you put the load right on
me.

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• SUSIE-Q

(As recorded by Creedence Clear Water
Revival/Fantasy)

D. HAWKINS
S.J. LEWIS
E. BROADWATER

Oh Susie-Q, oh Susie-Q
oh Susie-Q
How I love you, my Susie-Q
I like the way you walk
I like the way you talk
I like the way you walk, I like the
way you talk my Susie-Q.

Oh Susie-Q, oh Susie-Q
oh Susie-Q
How I love you my Susie-Q
Well, say that you'll be true
Well, say that you'll be true
Well, say that you'll be true and never
leave me blue, my Susie-Q.
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• CHAINED

(As recorded by Marvin Gaye/Tamla)

FRANK WILSON

Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Seems just yesterday you were in my arms
And in a special way you touched my
heart with all your charms
And now you're gone
Oh and I find myself

Honey, I'm all alone there's no love left
I don't want a thing
For you I've always cared
I did all I know to win your love and
make it so
You'd always stay for eternity
Honey what could I say
I'm telling you how could, how could
you do me this way
Cause I'm chained to your love, baby
Girl I'm chained to you love and affection.

I've got to make it right
Somehow it all went wrong
Somewhere down the line I loved and lost
Still I've got to find and it won't be long
Gonna make it right, baby
And carry you tenderly back home
Cause I'm chained to your love
Cause I'm chained to your love.

I tremble, girl I tremble
Oh you know, you know
Baby oh baby
Now I admit that I've never been the
perfect guy
For a girl that's sweet as you but my
heart and soul crys out to you
I'm gonna make it right, baby
If you stay, stay with me
Cause I'm chained, cause I'm chained
Cause I'm chained to your love
Baby, I'm chained.

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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

• AS WE GO ALONG

(As recorded by the Monkees/
Colgems)

CAROLE KING
TONI STERN

I can tell by your face
That you're lookin' to find a place
To settle your mind
And reveal who you are
And you shouldn't shy
For I'm not gonna try to hurt you
Or heal or steal your star
Open your eyes, get up off your chair
There's so much to do in the sunlight
Give up your secrets and let down your
hair
And sit with me here by the firelight
Why think about who's gonna win out
We'll make up our story as we go along.

There's so little time
For us to try to rhyme
And so many highways
To travel on.

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• DO THE CHOO CHOO

(As recorded by Archie Bell & The Drells/
Atlantic)

GAMBLE
HUFF

Here we are again y'all
Hi everybody this is Archie Bell & The
Drells again
We got another dance the kids in Houston
are doing it
And it's called the choo choo
So I want everybody to get on board now
Come on now, do that choo choo now
Come on now, everybody get on board
Do that choo choo baby.

Hey little girl I wanna dance with you
But I don't wanna do the horse
Take my hand and I'll show you how
to do a dance that's really boss
Do the choo choo, oh yeah
Do the choo choo, everybody do it
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

First you get in a big boss line
Then hook up like a train on a track
When you hear me holler get on board
There ain't gonna be no turning back
Do the choo choo
Do the choo choo
Do the choo choo
Everybody do the choo choo now.

Come on with that bass oh yeah
All right now let them drums fall now
Come on guitar you pull on in there now
We're gonna pull in the station now
Come on now, everybody get on board now
Choo choo, baby, choo choo baby
Next stop is Philadelphia, choo choo baby
choo choo baby.

Next stop New York City.

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Downstairs Music Co.

• POOR BABY

(As recorded by The Cowsills/MGM)

TONI ROMEO

Poor baby, there's something always
bringing you down
If you look for it baby
There's so much unhappiness all around
Don't cry your daddy gonna buy your
one-way ticket to sunshine
Cheer up your, try to clear up your mind
(Poor baby).

Poor baby, try to feel better
Nothing's bad as it may seem
Poor baby under the weather
Try to close your eyes and dream
Think of the good times, think of the
good times that we're gonna see
Don't fret you daddy's gonna fetch your
one-way ticket to happy
Cheer up your, try to clear up your mind
(Poor baby).

Poor baby, try to feel better
Nothing's bad as it may seem
Poor baby under the weather
Try to close your eyes and dream
Think of the good times, think of the
good times that we're gonna see
(Poor baby).

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• SAY IT LOUD - I'M BLACK AND I'M PROUD

(As recorded by James Brown/King)
JAMES BROWN

Say it loud, I'm black and I'm proud
Say it loud, I'm black and I'm proud
Some people say we got a lot of malice
Some say it's a lot of nerve
But I say we won't quit moving
Until we get what we deserve
We've been buked and we've been scorned
We've been treated bad, talked about as
sure as you're born
But just as sure as it takes two eyes to
make a pair
Brother we can't quit until we get our share.

Whoeee out of sight tomorrow night it's
tough
You're tough enough whoeee it's hurting me
Say it loud, I'm black and I'm proud
Say it loud, I'm black and I'm proud
Say it loud, I'm black and I'm proud.

I've worked on jobs with my feet and my
hands
But all that work I did was for the other
man
Now we demand a chance to do things for
ourselves

We're tired of beating our head against
the wall
And working for someone else
We're people we're like the birds and the bees
But we'd rather die on our feet than keep
living on our knees.

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• PORPOISE SONG

(As recorded by the Monkees/
Colgems)

GERRY GOFFIN
CAROLE KING

E-ru-e dom-i-ne an-i-mame-jus-re-qui-es-
cat in-pr-ce
My, my the clock in the sky
Is pounding away and there's so much
to say
A face, a voice an overdub has no choice
An image cannot rejoice
Wanting to be, to hear and to see
Cryin' to the sky
But the porpoise is laughing
goodbye, goodbye
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

Cliques, claques
Riding the backs of girraffes
For laughs all right for a while
The ego sings of castles and kings and
things that go with the life of style
Wanting to feel, to know what is real
Living is a lie
The porpoise is waiting, goodbye,
goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye,
goodbye.

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• WHITE ROOM

(As recorded by the Cream/Atco)

JACK BRUCE
PETE BROWN

In a white room with black curtains near
the station
Black roof country, no gold pavements
tired starlings
Silver horses burn down moonbeams in
your dark eyes
Dawn lights smiles on you leaving my
contentment.

I'll wait in this place
Where the sun never shines
Wait in this place
Where the shadows run from themselves.

You said no strings could secure you at
the station
That fun ticket, restless diesels, goodbye
window
I walked in to such a sad time at the station
As I walked out felt my own need just
beginning.

I'll wait in the queue
When the trains go on by
Die with you where the shadows run
from themselves.

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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

• DESTINATION ANYWHERE

NICHOLAS ASHFORD
VALERIE SIMPSON

(As recorded by the Marvelettes/
Tamla)

Said to the man at the railroad station
I want a ticket for one
He said well if you insist but where you
wanna go miss
Destination anywhere, east or west
I don't care, you see my baby don't want
me no more
And this old world ain't got no back door.

He looked at me with a funny face and
said
Are you sure you wanna go just any place
I said if you ever loved a woman the way
I loved that man
Surely Mr. ticket agent you could
understand
Cause if it would it would swing both ways
and I'd go right back to happy yesterdays
When I loved him tenderly
And all he needed was me
As I stared through the window of the
train
I thought I heard my baby calling my
name
But it was just the conductor saying what
dock do you prefer.

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• I MET HER IN CHURCH

(As recorded by the Box Tops/Mala)

DAN PENN
SPOONER OLDHAM

I met her in church
I met her in church on a Sunday morning
She looked at me with eyes of love
As the chorus sang hallelujah
Hallelujah I met her in church
I met her in church
We fell in love on a Sunday morning
All at once I heard angels singing
Singing hallelujah, singing hallelujah
hallelujah.

I didn't find her on Saturday night
I found her in the Sunday morning light
I found love on a back row seat
in a little church just down the street
I met her in church, I met her in church
Preacher Jones said come in children
The good Lord willing and the creek don't
rise
You're gonna be happy for the rest of
your lives
Singing hallelujah, hallelujah
I met her in church
I met her in church
I fell in love, I fell in love
Hallelujah I fell in love right there in
church
I fell in love singing hallelujah
singing hallelujah.

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• I FOUND A TRUE LOVE

(As recorded by Wilson, Pickett/
Atlantic)

REGGIE YOUNG
BOBBY WOMACK

I found a true love
I swear by the stars above
I know she's mine, mine, all mine
I found a true love
I call her Magnolia
I know she's mine, mine, all mine.

She don't try to play the field
She got a love that's real
And that makes her mine, mine, all mine
She got the kind of thing about her
That makes me can't do without her
And oh she's mine, mine, all mine.

When I get up in the morning with her on
my mind
And I give her good lovin'
Soothe her all the time
She picked me up oh yes she did
I was falling on down, oh yeah
Oh she placed my feet y'all, oh yeah
Placed 'em on the solid ground
And I can shout about her
She's mine, mine, all mine.

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• ELEANOR

(As recorded by the Turtles/White
Whale)

HOWARD KAYLAN
MARK BOMAN
JIM PONS
AL NICHOLS
JOHNNY BARBATA

You got a thing about you
I just can't live without you
I really want you Eleanor near me
Your looks intoxicate me
Even though your folks hate me
There's no one like you Eleanor really.

Eleanor, gee I think you're swell
And you really do mean well
You're my pride and joy etc.
Eleanor can I take the time to ask you
to speak your mind
Tell me that you love me better.

I really think you're groovy
Let's go out to a movie
What do you say now
Eleanor can we?
They'll turn the lights way down low
And maybe we won't watch the show
I think I love you Eleanor, love me.

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• LALENA

(As recorded by Donovan/Epic)

DONOVAN LEITCH

When the sun goes to bed
That's the time you raise your head
That's your lot in life, Lalena
Can't blame you, Lalena
Arty tart, la-de-da
Can your part get much sadder?
That's your lot in life, Lalena
Can't blame you, Lalena.

Run your hand through your hair
Paint your face with despair
That's your lot in life, Lalena
Can't blame you, Lalena
When the sun goes to bed
That's the time you raise your head
That's your lot in life, Lalena
I can't blame you, Lalena
Arty tart, oh, so la-de-da
Can your part ever get, ever get much
sadder?

That's your lot in life, Lalena
Can't blame you, Lalena oh Lalena.
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• DON'T CHANGE YOUR LOVE

(As recorded by the Five Steps
& Cubie/Curtom)

C. MAYFIELD

Baby, this year I've been more than dear
So don't change your love, don't change
It took four years to grow
And here I'm about to blow
Baby don't change your love, don't change.

I'm in love and if it's all the same, don't
change, baby don't change
Come on now
I love you, you know it too
Don't change your ways.

Broken in two if I'm losing you
So don't change your love, don't change
Might be a little lazy
Doggone it's crazy
Baby, don't change your love, don't
change.

I'm in love and if it's all the same, don't
change, baby don't change
Come on now
I love you, you know it too
Don't change your ways.

Broken in two if I'm losing you
So don't change your love, don't change
I might be a little lazy
Doggone it's crazy
Don't change your love, don't change
Now I'm in love and if it's all the same,
don't change, baby don't change
Now, I love you, you know it too
Don't change your ways
Now I love you, you know it too
Don't change your ways.

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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

• DOWN AT LULU'S

(As recorded by the Ohio Express/
Buddah)

K. RESNICK
J. LEVINE

See the neon sign
The kids stand in line
A-money clunched in hand
They wanna hear that band
Bass is thumpin', everybody's jumpin'
The drummer keeps beatin'
Everybody's meeting down at Lulu's,
down at Lulu's.

It's got you red and blue
The music gets to you
A swept right off your feet

You can't escape that beat
Cause the bass is thumpin', everybody's
jumpin'
The drummer keeps beatin'
Everybody's meetin' down at Lulu's,
down at Lulu's.

The chicks passin' by
Are gonna catch your eye
You may come alone but that's not
how you'll go home
Cause the bass is thumpin', everybody's
jumpin'
The drummer keeps beatin'
Everybody's meetin' down at Lulu's,
down at Lulu's, down at Lulu's.

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• MIDNIGHT CONFESSIONS

(As recorded by Grass Roots/
Dunhill)

LOU JOSIE

The sound of your footsteps telling me
you're near
Your soft gentle motion, baby
Brings out a need in me no one can
hear except in my midnight
confessions.

When I'm telling the world that I love you
in my midnight confessions
When I say all the things that I want to
I love you
But a little gold ring you wear on your
hand
Tells me understand
There's another before me
I'm wasting my time, you'll never be mine
Staggering through the day time
Your image on my mind
Passing so close beside you baby
Sometimes the feelings are so hard to hide
But a little gold ring you wear on your
hand
Tells me understand
There's another before me
I'm wasting my time, you'll never be mine.
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• SWEET BLINDNESS

(As recorded by the 5th Dimension/
Soul City)

LAURA NYRO

Down by the grapevine
Drink my daddy's wine, get happy
Down by the grapevine
Drink my daddy's wine, get happy
Happy, oh sweet blindness
A little magic, a little kindness of sweet
blindness
All over me, four leaves on a clover
I'm just a bit of a shade hungover
Come on baby do a slow float
You're a good lookin' riverboat
And ain't that sweet eyed blindness good
to me.
Down by the grapevine
Drink my daddy's wine, good mornin'
Down by the grapevine
Drink my daddy's wine, good mornin'
Mornin', oh sweet blindness
A little magic, a little kindness of sweet
blindness all over me
Please don't tell my mother
I'm a saloon and a moonshine lover
Come on baby do a slow float
You're a good lookin' riverboat
And ain't that sweet eyed blindness good
to me.
(Don't ask me cause I)
Ain't gonna tell you what I've been drinkin'
Ain't gonna tell you what I've been drinkin'
Ain't gonna tell you what I've been drinkin'
Wine, of wonder, wonder (by the way)
Sweet blindness, a little magic, a little
kindness oh sweet blindness all over
me
Don't let daddy hear it
He don't believe in the gin mill spirit
Come on baby do a slow float
You're a good lookin' riverboat
And ain't that sweet eyed blindness good
to me good to me.
Now ain't that sweet eyed blindness good
to me.
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• A LITTLE LESS CONVERSATION

(As recorded by Elvis Presley/
RCA Victor)

STRANGE
DAVIS

Hey a little less conversation
A little more action please
All this aggravation ain't satisfaction
in me
A little more bite and a little less bark
A little less fight and a little more spark
Close your mouth and open up your
heart
And baby, satisfy me
Satisfy me, baby.

Baby close your eyes and listen to the
music
And dig to the summer breeze
It's a groovy night and I could show you
how to use it
Now come along with me and put your
mind at ease
Hey a little less conversation
A little more action please
All this aggravation ain't satisfaction in
me
A little more bite and a little less bark
A little less fight and a little more spark
Close your mouth and open up your
heart
And baby, satisfy me
Satisfy me, baby.

Come on baby I'm tired of talking
Grab your coat and let's start walking
Come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on
Don't procrastinate, don't articulate
Girl it's getting late
You just sit and wait around
Hey a little less conversation
A little more action please
All this aggravation ain't satisfaction
in me
A little more bite and a little less bark
A little less fight and a little more spark
Close your mouth and open up your
heart
And baby, satisfy me
Satisfy me, baby, satisfy me, baby
Satisfy me, baby, satisfy me, baby.
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• LITTLE GREEN APPLES

(As recorded by Roger Miller/Smash)

BOBBY RUSSELL

And I wake up in the morning
With my hair down in my eyes
And she says hi
And I stumble to the breakfast table
While the kids are going off to
school goodbye
And she reaches out an' takes my hand
Squeezes it says how you feeling, Hon
And I look across at smiling lips
That warm my heart and see my morning
sun
And if that's not lovin' me
Then all I've got to say
Then all I've got to say
God didn't make little green apples and

It don't rain in Indianapolis in the summer
time
It don't snow in Minneapolis when the
winter comes
There's no such thing as
Doctor sues Disneyland
And Mother Goose is no nursery rhyme
There's no such thing as
Make believe puppy dogs
And autumn leaves and B-B Guns

God didn't make little green apples and
It don't rain in Indianapolis in the summer
time
And when myself is feelin' low
I think about her face a-glow to ease
my mind
Sometimes I call her up at home knowing
she's busy
And ask if she could get away and
Meet me and grab a bite to eat
And she drops what she's doin' and
Hurries down to meet me and I'm always
late but
She sits waiting patiently and smiles when
she first sees me cause
She's made that way

God didn't make little green apples
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the
summer time
There's no such thing as Doctor sues
Disneyland
And Mother Goose is no nursery rhyme
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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

• THE LAMENT OF THE CHEROKEE RESERVATION INDIAN

(As recorded by Don Fardon/GNP-Crescendo)

JOHN D. LOUDERMILK

They took the whole Cherokee nation
And put us on this reservation
They took away our way of life
The tomahawk, the bow and knife
They put our papoose in a crib
And took the buckskin from our rib
They took away our native tongue
And talk their English to our young

The old teepee we all love so
They're using now for just a show
And all our beads we made by hand
And nowadays made in Japan
Although they've changed our ways of old
They'll never change our hearts and souls
Though I wear a man's shirt and tie
I'm still a red man deep inside
Hi ya yoh, hi ya yoh ho
Hi ya yoh hi, hi ya yoh ho
Hi ya yoh, hi ya yoh
Hi ya yoh, hi ya yoh
Oom ni ni ya, oom hi ya
Oom ni ya oh, hi ya yoh, hi ya yoh
Yip yip hi ya yoh, hi ya yoh hi.

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• SLIP AWAY

(As recorded by Clarence Carter/Atlantic)

W. ARMSTRONG
W. TERRELL
M. DANIEL

What would I give for just a few moments
What would I give just to have you near
Tell me you will try to slip away somehow
Oh I need you darling
I want to see you right now
Can you slip away, slip away, slip away
Oh I need you so.

Love, oh love, how sweet it is
When you steal it darling
Let me tell you something

How sweet it is
Now I know it's wrong
The things I ask you to do
But please believe me darling
I don't mean to hurt you.

But could you just slip away without
him knowing you're gone
Then we could meet somewhere where
we're both unknown
And just can't you slip away, slip away,
slip away
I need you so
Oh can you slip away baby
I'd like to see you right now darling
Can you slip away now baby
Cause I've got to, I've got to see you
I feel a deep burning inside
Oh I wish you could slip away.

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• REMEMBER WHEN

(As recorded by the 4 Tops/Motown)
SHENA DE MELL
IVY HUNTER
JACK GOGA

Do you remember, remember when
When we had a love so sweet, so true
Until you told me you had found
somebody new
Now look what he's done to you
Now girl look at your face
There's too much sadness in your face
for your makeup to erase
It's in your eyes
Baby, the pain you feel is in your eyes
I can see it baby
And your smile is no disguise
Remember when I begged you not to leave
I tried to tell you he would only make
you grieve
Do you remember I told you leaving me
was wrong
Now he's hurt you girl
He's left you standing all alone
I still remember when your love was mine
Your face was all aglow
And your eyes they used to shine
Now there's sadness in your face
And our love has gone to waste
The love I begged you not to take
I told you girl it was a big mistake.

Do you remember, remember when we
had a love so sweet, so true
Until you told me you had found
somebody new
Now look what he's done to you
Look how you've changed
There once was laughter in your eyes and
now there's only pain
What happened to your smile
Where did it go

What has he done to you baby
How did he hurt you
So remember when, when I begged you
not to leave
I tried to tell you darling, that he would
only make you grieve
Do you remember you said you found
somebody new
I told you darling that I could love no
one but you
Oh my love you know you're always
welcome to my arms, welcomed to my
heart
My heart is yours, yours alone

All of my love and it's strong
The same sweet love I offered you when
you laughed and said that it wouldn't do
Baby, baby, baby, come home girl
I'll take you back, I still love you
darling
Everything's gonna be all right
Come on home girl, I need you so
I need you darling, dear, more than you
ever, ever know.

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• PRIVATE NUMBER

(As recorded by Judy Clay & William Bell/Stax)

WILLIAM BELL
BOOKER T. JONES

Since I've been gone you've had your
number changed
But my love for you girl still remains the
same
Now I've been loving you and you've been
loving me so long, baby what's wrong
Baby, baby, baby, please let me have your
number
Baby, baby, baby, please let me have your
number.

I'm sorry you couldn't call me when you
got home
But other fellas kept on calling when you
were gone
So I had the number changed
But I'm not acting strange
Welcome home, nothing's wrong
So I'm sayin', baby, baby, baby, you
can have my private number
Baby, baby, baby, you can have my
private number.

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• FOR THE LOVE OF IVY

(As recorded by Mamas & Papas/Dunhill)

JOHN PHILLIPS
DENNY DOHERTY

I never thought I'd try
for the love of Ivy
I never thought I'd cry
for the love of Ivy
Somebody hide me from the love,
the love of Ivy.

It takes up all of your time
To fall in love with Ivy
If I gathered all my means (all my means)
In a pile beside me (in a pile)
It wouldn't help to fill my dreams (fill
my dreams)
For the love of Ivy.

Money cannot buy me
Not for me
The love of Ivy
I'm not the kind of guy who falls in
love with Ivy, Ivy.

For the love of, for the love of Ivy
Yeah for the love of, for the love of Ivy
Yeah, yeah, for the love of, for the love
of Ivy
Yeah, yeah, for the love of Ivy, for the
love of Ivy
For the love of Ivy, for the love of Ivy.

If I gathered all my means in a pile
beside me
It wouldn't help to fill my dreams
For the love of Ivy
Somebody hide me from the love, from
the love, from the love, from the love
It takes up all of your time to fall in
love with Ivy
For the love of Ivy, yeah, yeah for the
love of Ivy.

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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

●MESSAGE FROM MARIA

(As recorded by Joe Simon/Sound Stage 7)

AL REED

I'm sitting here alone
In sorrow and misery
Wishing that my Maria was here to comfort me
Forgetting like the raven she said never,
never no more
When suddenly there came a knock upon my door
A voice said I got a message from Maria
Hopefully once again I can see her
I got a message from Maria
I hope she's not asking me to free her.

Marie Roke my love for you still lingers on
But by the time you read this letter
Honey, I may be gone
I saw the teardrops stain on the drape by Maria's side
Still someone wrote she called your name just before she died.

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●HEY WESTERN UNION MAN

(As recorded by Jerry Butler-Mercury)

GAMBLE
HUFF
BUTLER

Oh western union man
Send a telegram to my baby
Send a telegram, send a telegram
Woh, send a telegram to my baby
This is what I want you to do
I want you to tell her that I'm all alone
I tried to call her on the phone
Tell her I'm in misery
And think she's avoiding me
And if the telegram don't do
Send a box of candy too
and maybe some flowers
Tell her that I missed her for hours and hours

Send a telegram, send a telegram
Send a telegram man
To my baby you hear what I say
Oh western union man send a telegram
Send a telegram to my baby
Oh western union man
Hey send a telegram
Send a telegram, send a telegram
Oh send a telegram to my baby
This is what I want you to do
Listen, tell me have you got a boy you can send
This is what I want him to do
Put him on his bike right away
See if he can get my message through
Maybe tomorrow
But mail it right away
I want the girl to know that I miss her
Something like yesterday
Send a telegram, send a telegram, man
To my baby
Do you hear what I say
Oh western union man why don't you send a telegram
Oh send a telegram to my baby
Western union man send a telegram
Oh send it right on to my baby
Hey western union man
Send a telegram, send a telegram.

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●ON THE ROAD AGAIN

(As recorded by Canned Heat/Liberty)

FLOYD JONES
ALAN WILSON

Well I'm so tired of cryin'
But I'm off on the road again
(I'm on the road again)
Well I'm so tired of cryin'
But I'm off on the road again
(I'm on the road again)
I ain't got no woman just to call my special friend
You know the first time I traveled off in the rain and snow
(In the rain and snow)
You know the first time I traveled off in the rain and snow
(In the rain and snow)
I didn't have no pharaoh
Not even no place to go
Well my dear mother left me when I was quite young
(When I was quite young)
Well my dear mother left me when I was quite young
(When I was quite young)
She said Lord have mercy on my wicked son

Take a hint from your mamma please
don't cry no more
(Don't cry no more)
Take a hint from your mamma please
don't cry no more
(Don't cry no more)
Cause it's soon one morning it's down the road I go
Well I ain't goin' down that long, long lonesome road all by myself
Well I ain't goin' down that long, long lonesome road all by myself.
I can't carry you baby, gonna carry somebody else.

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●SURPRISE, SURPRISE (I Need You)

(As recorded by the Troggs/Fontana)

REG PRESLEY

I came home the other night much to your surprise
The blinds were down the lamps were dim and love was in your eyes
The table lit by candle light a record playin' low
And from the room I heard a voice

A voice I didn't know say I need you oo
I need you oo
I felt so sad I had to take a walk outside
To find out what went wrong and if I'd really tried
To love you girl and be there when you needed me
In spite of what you've done I love you hopelessly.

You imagine how I felt to know that

●PIECE OF MY HEART

(As recorded by Big Brother & The Holding Co./Columbia)

BERT BERNIS
JERRY RAGOVY

Didn't I make you feel like you were the only man
Didn't I give you everything that a woman possibly can
But with all the love I give you
It's never enough
But I'm gonna show you baby that a woman can be tough
So go on, go on, go on, go on and take another little piece of my heart now baby
Break another little bit of my heart now honey
Have another little piece of my heart now baby
You know you got it if it makes you feel good.

You're out on the street
And you know deep down in your heart that ain't right
And you never, never hear me when I cry at night
I tell myself that I can't stand the pain
But when you hold me in your arms I say it again
So go on, go on, go on, go on
And take it
Take another little piece of my heart now baby
Break another little bit of my heart now baby
You can have another little piece of my heart now baby
You know you got it if it makes you feel good.

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someone else was making love to you
In there it should have been myself
I couldn't speak I couldn't cry
My heart was filled with pain
And as I turned to walk away I heard his voice again
I need you oo, I need you oo.

You've got such a pretty face that's what appealed to him
But he don't know you like I do
'Cos looks ain't everything
You said that you loved me now just look at what you've done
'Cos you've got one boy in your arms another on the run
'Cos I need you oo, I need you oo.

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pictures I hear

by
Brigitta

I don't like to have to say it—and certainly I expect some disagreement—but I have to point out that virtually all the free creative expression and growth of popular music is coming from Britain, where startling maturity has been shown by unschooled young people still in their teens; even though the United States is a much bigger country, where there are millions of people who would like to see American genius, and tens of thousands who would like to make it happen, and hundreds who are in the business of convincing us that it *has* happened, but in fact or in spirit, it hasn't. Maybe we Americans have some sort of collective karmic imbalance that causes those who *would* to be heedless instruments of destruction and those who *could* to be insecure people seeking ardently after creature comforts with the passion they should reserve for music endeavors.

Most of the new groups—not just even but especially the ones which style themselves underground or art—are, however surreptitiously, into someone else's sound, attempting to follow a formula already proved successful. A lot of the problem may lie in an American misconception of success; the perversion is more than just a desire for wealth. It springs from the kind of society where success is constantly measured in amounts and percentages of people—television ratings, the body count in Viet Nam, the almost daily presidential straw polls. Perhaps young American musicians thirsting for success begin with the mistaken premise that they must manipulate and anticipate the tastes of large groups of people. When a naive child artist begins dabbling with the buttons, balloons, trick album covers, posters, and the half-awakened sensuality of mass audiences of adolescent girls, a fragmentation of musical sensitivity is the inevitable result. Pete Townshend of the Who has found a partial solution for himself in releasing frustration, but the breakaway guitar works only for him—it seems to help him maintain the artistic integrity of his recordings; the others who have copied him have made stage destruction a gimmick, so that it loses validity and becomes a part of their ultimate artistic defeat.



The Incredible String Band is an example of everything that an American group seems incapable of being. Ellen Sander's enthusiastic story in November HP had a lot of useful information, but it left me with the slightly dissatisfied desire to carry on a little more about the ISB. I felt a progressive surge by the group between the time of *5000 Spirits* and *The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter*. I haven't heard the first album, but I understand it was oriented toward Scottish folk ballads, so it is probably safe to assume there was creative growth between that and *5000 Spirits*. Most of the young, great musical people show this kind of progression.

It disturbed me a little that Ellen Sander dismissed *Hangman* as "more of the same," as though there were little or no difference between it and *5000 Spirits*. In fact, the whole emphasis and thrust of the group had shifted; in the less than a year of time between the second and third album, they had grown strikingly in effectiveness and conviction. *5000 Spirits* is a pleasant and sometimes exceptionally pretty group of songs; the only really ambitious work is Robin Williamson's "The Mad Hatter's Song." There are a lot of buoyant rhythmic things, and Mike Heron appears to have been going through a period of infatua-

(continued on page 55)

A Magical Mystery

Some weeks ago I begged to be excused from the full story of Paul McCartney and the village of Harrold, which began in Bradford one hot Sunday afternoon and ended with me staggering home in London in the thin, cold light of the Monday dawn. The Cider had got me.

It was also right there in the middle of my holiday, and I wanted the time to sit down and write about it as it was.

And it was, as I still remember vividly, a dusk-to-dawn encounter that taught me a great deal about the inner mind of the amiable Mr. McCartney and at least a little about myself.

It all started when Paul, Peter Asher, Derek Taylor and Tony Bramwell kindly offered me a lift back to London after the recording of the Black Dyke Mills Band for the Beatles' Apple label.

One hour and a half later we were still in Bradford, sitting in the deserted hotel, talking to people, drinking tea, being friendly. A BBC TV unit turned up and Paul stood outside in the sun to be filmed chatting up some of the local talent.

We leave. The thermometer inside the Rolls has been at 110, but a touch of the button and the window opens and a nice breeze blows around us via Paul's giant sheepdog Martha.

On and on to highway M1. Miles and miles of white concrete. Conversation. Paul pushing buttons on the radio and hearing the Marmalade's "Lovin' Things" with eyes wide open.... "Fantastic. Get that bit."

Alan Freeman's "Pick of the Pops." Des O'Connor's "I Pretend". . . "but he's a nice bloke," says somebody. Esther and Abi's "One More Dance."

"God," says Paul, "are the charts all like this?"

Push of the button — "Sing Something Simple" on Radio 2. Community singing. . . we all join in "Music, Maestro, Please" and "Michael Row The Boat." Well, it's a laugh, isn't it? And there's only that damn concrete, stretching on and on along the M1.

Boredom. Brilliant wit of Apple PRO Derek Taylor (ex-Hoylake, Cheshire, ex-"Daily Express," ex an interesting and satisfying life in America and elsewhere ever since) comes for the fore. Fills in two Diners' Club application forms, one from Max Wax, "Professional Killer," the other from Norman Prince, of Wallacey, "part-time joiner at Grayson, Rollo and Clover" on Merseyside. No chance!

Back to "Pick of the Pops." Easybeats' "Good Times" slamming out of the speaker. Paul, Peter Asher and all knocked out by the sheer guts of it.

Sudden decision to get away from the M1 and an Asher eye sees the name "Harrold," Bedfordshire village. We head towards it but "Good Times" is still kicking around in people's heads and the car is stopped and an attempt

made to get through to Alan Freeman and say what about putting it on again?

No luck. Choked faces in the call-box. It's a live show, isn't it, but they won't even put you through to the studio.

All you get is some stuffed-shirt Duty Officer saying it is not possible to make contact with Mr. Freeman during the course of the program. (And Mr. Freeman, when I tell him later, is choked about it himself. They didn't even give him the message.)

Two scruffy urchins go by, bless 'em, with dirt on their faces and their shirts hanging out, and they look up at the big Rolls and then at the famous passenger in the back. But there is no recognition. They walk on their way.

Eventually, Harrold.

Early Sunday evening, and only the sound of feet crunching along the road and birds singing and Paul asking: "So where's the Ouse then?" — hadn't Derek said we could find the River Ouse somewhere around there, and what are we doing stumbling around fields when we could be in the local village pub?

Bearded man in garden shows no immediate reaction to request from Paul for whereabouts of local boozer, delivered in heavy Liverpool accent, but gives Irish-accent directions to the Magpie down the road.

This turns out to be a cozy little place the size of a bathroom, with a Jolly Joker machine in the corner and a dartboard behind the door.

All of us are speakin' like we do, in "d' Pool, wack," but there is no reaction from the customers to the effect that here is an international star sitting in their pub eating a piece of pie and drinking a beer and dipping into a bag of crisps. They're all British, aren't they? — nobody is going to blow his cool.

The only thing is that from time to time the door opens and somebody is standing there red-faced and gasping for breath as if he's just finished a two-minute mile, and immediately a corner of his eye falls on Paul he forcibly regains his composure and walks casually over to the bar.

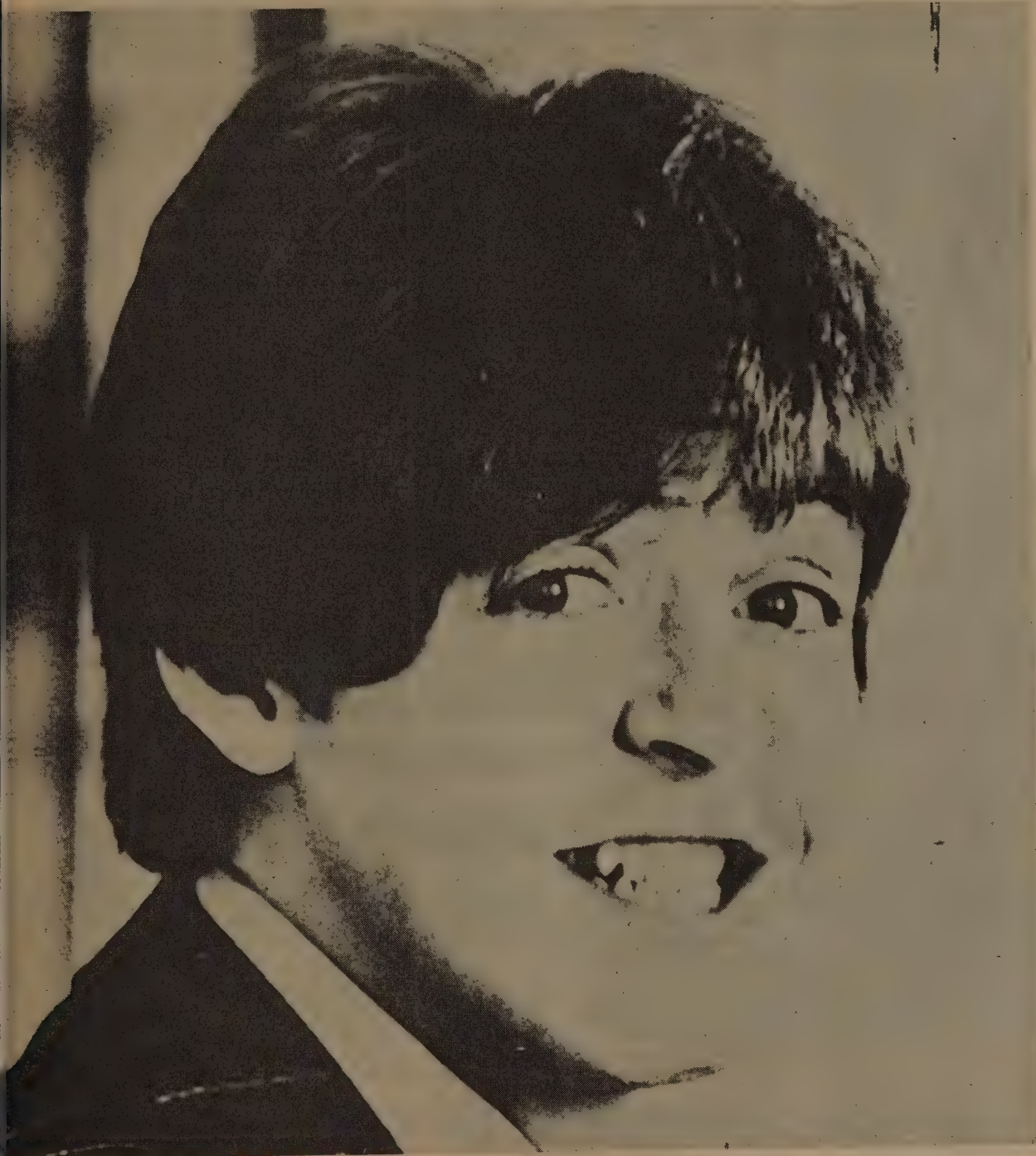
But what, I asked myself in one case, is that particular customer doing wearing an "I Love The Beatles" badge on his lapel in his local pub on a Sunday?

The Bearded Irishman arrives with his wife, Pat, and we get talking to him and he turns out to be a most genial man named Gordon who is the local dentist.

I'm not too sure about the rest of it (the Cider, you see — it was the Cider), but the memories include a visit to another pleasant pub and Paul at the piano in the half-light, gravelling out Fats Domino songs like "Blueberry Hill" and "Red Sails In The Sunset," and then a visit to the home of Gordon and Pat for meat and rice and more cider and wine.



Trip With **PAUL McCARTNEY**



The children came downstairs in their dressing gowns in the wee small hours and play hide and seek, bashful about being seen by their famous guest until he shows one of the little girls some magic tricks and wins her confidence.

Time drifts on. Is it three am? Four? The room is almost dark, but Paul sits at the head of the table, head dipped over acoustic guitar singing songs I have never heard before.

The voice aches over words of sadness and power and I wish, only wish, I could recall them now.

They have to be from the next LP, I remember thinking, and pulling out a cheque book and trying to write some notes on the back. Something went wrong somewhere. All I see now is some faint scribble.

Time to go. Farewells to Pat and Gordon and the family. The crunch of the Rolls on

gravel, then out on the road to London and conversations about people and life.

St. Johns Wood. The first light of dawn. Farewell to Paul outside the high walls of his home and then on in the car to my part of town.

Trip over the dustbins.

Turn the key.

Bed. ☐alan smith

KANGAROO To You



Kangaroo is a four member group consisting of lead guitarist, Teddy Speleos; bass, John Hall; drummer, N.D. Smart II and Barbara Keith, who handles her part of the vocals. The group was performing at the Cafe Wha in Greenwich Village when they came to the attention of record producers, Bob Wyld and Art Polhemus of Longhair Productions. Several months after their first encounter with Wyld and Polhemus, the group finished their first album for MGM Records. The company's enthusiasm for

the group became quite evident when it was decided that three singles would be released simultaneously rather than the usual one. This unique promotion would result in the best possible introduction to Kangaroo. The singles are "Such A Long Long Time" which features the group's overall sound, and was written by John. "Daydream Stallion" is the side that features Barbara, who also wrote the song. N.D. II is the writer and is featured on "Frog Giggin'." Then there is the immediate release of

the album itself.

John Hall is from Baltimore and is nineteen years old. He and Teddy are the founders of the group and he is the writer of eight of the songs in the Kangaroo album. His parents discovered his musical dexterity at the age of five. He would pick out melodies at the piano. Eleven years of classical piano training and six years of studying the French horn has made John proficient on at least a dozen instruments (he is referred to as "a one man band"). They include the

guitar, mandolin, banjo, organ, vibes, drums (the piano, of course) and all the brass instruments. Early in his career he worked with his two brothers as part of a trio. He credits the Everly Brothers with being an early influence on his music — digs the Cream, Jimi Hendrix and the Mothers of Invention. When not making music, he enjoys sailing.

N.D. Smart II was born in Athens, Ohio, but moved to Beavercreek at an early age. That explains his "country boy" tag. He showed an early interest in music and a particular preference for the drums. He started playing them when he was six years old and continued to play in his school bands. He's never had any serious formal training, but he has played on record dates in New York. His journey from Ohio to New York seemed quite logical at the time. He had been told that the Youngbloods were in need of a drummer and he decided to come to the group's rescue. When he arrived, he was informed that some other drummer had been found. This bit of sad news did not send him back to Ohio. Instead he joined a Boston group called Barry and the Remains. When asked about the Boston sound, N.D. puts it this way, "Barry and the Remains was the Boston sound." He recorded one album with the group, but what he remembers most about having been with the group is the tour they did with the Beatles. He said, "They went out of their way to make the group feel comfortable." He admits to not liking a lot of the music "out there" but says that the Beatles and Aretha are somethin' else. Before getting seriously involved with music as a profession, N.D. II spent twelve years performing acrobatic stunts with the Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey Circuses. He considers himself a natural troublemaker. He smiles when he says, "I just love to play with firecrackers."

Teddy Speleos was born in Washington, D.C., and at the age of sixteen has shown remarkable skill on the guitar. His first guitar was given to him by a friend's father, who happened to own a pawn shop. It cost \$15.00. At fourteen, already an accomplished musician, he was asked to join the British Walkers. As Teddy puts it, "My mother was a little unhappy about me going on the road until she heard that I was going to earn \$250.00 a week. She then relented." While with the British Walkers he made one record called "Shake," which was a semi-hit. Teddy met John Hall at a friend's house in Washington. John said, "I almost fell off my chair when I heard him play. He was all of fourteen and he was fantastic." Teddy claims to have had about two lessons, but he explains it this way, "I was travelling and didn't have the time to



study, but I would like to in the future and would like to learn how to play classical guitar." Teddy has a lot to say about the kind of music he likes and the musicians he particularly admires. He rates a local musician from Washington as his favorite guitarist, Ray Buchanan. He says, "He never made it, but he's fantastic." The Moby Grape is his favorite group. He says the one reason he really digs the Grape is because he identifies with their songs. The Jeff Beck Group absolutely blows his mind. There is the feeling for the blues in the Beck Group that he is wide open to. When asked if he buys records, Teddy can only say, "I seldom buy records. Friends buy them for me to hear — but I have every record Jeff Beck has ever made." Jimi Hendrix is one of his "main men."

Barbara Keith is 20 years old and was born in Greenfield, Massachusetts. Her family later moved to Deerfield, which is about ninety miles west of Boston. She says she's been singing in public since the third grade and always remembers wanting to act. Her interest in folk music started when she was about twelve or thirteen. She became hooked on Joan Baez and later Judy Collins

(she now favors Judy Collins) and would catch them in concert whenever she could. She was introduced to Bob Dylan's music and lyrics before his records made him the number one spokesman of his generation. (He often accompanied Joan Baez on her concerts). She began listening intently to the music of Tom Rush, David Van Ronk and John Hammond. Barbara admits that she never listened much to female singers, but recently has been "studying" Aretha, Bessie Smith and Billie Holiday. In discussing her career today as a member of Kangaroo, Barbara admits that she never thought of herself as anything but a solo singer, who accompanied herself on her six string acoustical guitar. Before coming to New York (and moving to Brooklyn), she would work out at a local Boston coffeehouse called "Club 47." There she would try to get the audience reaction to her own songs. Asked how she feels about the Beatles, Barbara says, "I was in love with Paul McCartney. In fact, I once sent him a tape of all my songs actually thinking he might have the time to listen to them." Her favorite group is Bo Diddley, who have one album out on Atlantic. □

THE STAPLE SINGERS



"Gospel music," states Roebuck, "is on an upsurge that would beat rock and roll in no time at all if the disc jockeys would only play us. People love Gospel music. Why, I've even seen kids twisting to our records." The group's popularity has spread across the Atlantic as well, and negotiations are going forward for an extended continental tour by the Staples.

Roebuck Staple, who sings second lead, provides the surging guitar backing, and is the father of this handsome group, was born and bred on a Mississippi farm near Drew, 107 miles from Memphis, in the heart of the harsh, steamy delta country. He spent his childhood there, absorbing the songs his aged grandfather taught him — fervent, heartfelt songs of joy and

longing handed down through generations of Staples — pitching a fast baseball, and riding the wildest horses he could get his hands on. As a child he mastered the musical style of the delta area — impassioned, rawly dolorous, tautly introspective, and intensely powerful in its immediacy and simplicity.

It was as a youngster on the Mississippi farm that Roebuck first took up the study of the guitar. He began to teach himself the rudiments of the instrument when he was but twelve years old, taking his inspiration from an older brother who played the instrument. "I taught myself how to play it," Roebuck recalled, "by listening closely to what other people played on it. Then, later, I would try to figure out what I had heard them do. It was all trial and error. First get the melody,



then try to add some kind of chords to it. It was strictly ear-playing."

During his formative years Roebuck was exposed to the recordings of a number of the powerfully expressive Negro folk artists who had recorded for the so-called "race records" series of the large recording companies. He recalls in particular the work of the legendary street minstrel Blind Willie Johnson, who was perhaps the most moving of all country religious performers to record, and who exerted a profound and lasting influence on the young Roebuck. "I would often be the last to go to bed," said Roebuck, "because I would stay up listening to his records. Finally, my father would have to turn out the light and send me to bed." Other favorites were Blind Lemon Jefferson and Blind Blake, as well as

the bluesmen of the delta region, among them Robert Johnson.

Roebuck acquired his first guitar by dint of considerable hard work and saving. He was so anxious to have an instrument of his own that he hired himself out as a day laborer, working the long hard hours under the sweltering Mississippi sun until he had enough to buy his first guitar. ("It was a Stella," he remembers wistfully) for five dollars. Once he had it, he couldn't seem to play enough; there were insufficient hours in the day for all the practicing he wanted to do. Music seemed to possess him; it transported him and made life easier. It was an interest that was shared by his wife Oceola, and their home was filled with song.

When he was twenty, Roebuck and his young wife Oceola decided they were tired of mules, sorghum and fatback, and with their infant daughter and son, made the trek north to Chicago. It was in the very heart of the Depression, and like many others in those trying days, they had a difficult struggle keeping body and soul together, to say nothing of trying to adjust to the complexities of urban life.

Roebuck worked for 50 cents an hour in the stockyards and steel mills during the daytime, and attended school at night. He and Oceola tried to forget their worries by singing hymns, spirituals and Gospel songs in church and at home. As their children grew, they too joined in the singing. Roebuck soon acquired a guitar from a pawn shop and began accompanying the household song sessions. Neighbors told them their close harmonizing — simple, direct, and naturally-evolved — "sounded good." Before long the family was being invited to perform at local church programs.

As the children grew, Roebuck was delighted to find that they had more than ordinary musical gifts. They loved to sing, so it was perhaps inevitable that they organized themselves into a professional singing group. In the early days of the group's career, Roebuck sang lead and accompanied them with his evocative "down home" style of guitar playing. In time, however, his daughter Mavis developed a magnificent contralto voice — deep, throaty, vibrant and arrestingly expressive — and began sharing the lead singing with her father. Now she sings most of the solo work with the group.

In the early 1950's the Staple Singers had become so well-known among Chicago church congregations that they decided to devote themselves to Gos-

pel singing on a full-time basis. It was at this time that they began the first of many cross-continent concert tours, singing not only in churches and houses of worship, but on college campuses, in concert halls and at music festivals.

Much of the Staples' appeal resides in the fact that they have not tried to discard the old spiritual and hymn singing styles in an attempt to give their singing a more modern sound, as have a number of others in Gospel music, which is as faddish as other musical forms today. Instead, the Staples' have chosen to ignore present trends, relying on the permanent appeal of traditional Negro folk music — songs of life, hardship and happiness, songs of the common man and his faith in himself, his people and his God.

The Staples' approach is a unique and wholly effective blend of the old and new, calling on the contemporary Gospel song style for some of its excitement and spontaneity but relying for the greatest portion on the group's singular expressiveness on the older, stately and much more profoundly moving spiritual and hymn styles. The Staples sing with a great, uplifting surge of passion and an excitement that rings clear through with the utter sincerity of their faith and devotion. This communicates itself immediately to the listener, sweeping him up in it.

"Roebuck himself is a first-rate guitarist, reported Time magazine, "but his daughter Mavis is the best vocalist, a contralto whose voice has both a honeyed quality and almost hypnotic intensity." Mavis, still in her early twenties, has already been compared with Mahalia Jackson, the reigning queen of Gospel song and the person who probably established the first real audience for Gospel singing in the north.

Mavis began singing with the group occasionally when she was but ten years old; it was not until the completion of her secondary education that she joined the group as a permanent member. For years she was mistaken for the group mascot, because of her diminutive size, but once she had stepped to the microphone and filled the air with her profoundly moving voice, no listener was left in any doubt about her importance.

Cleotha, the oldest of the Staple children, and Pervis, the only son in the group add to the sanguine rhythm and harmonies.

Don't miss their beautiful Stax single "Long Walk to D.C." with backing by Booker T. & the M.G.s□
pete welding



TRAFFIC TALK

**David
Mason**

**Jim
Capaldi**

When Steve Winwood made his much-publicized split with the Spencer Davis group, the natural assumption around the London scene was that he would follow in the footsteps of such singers as ex-Animals Eric Burdon and Alan Price and go for himself. When he elected to form a co-operative group with three former colleagues — Dave Mason, Chris Wood and Jim Capaldi — people were surprised. The four had played in private on as many occasions as their other commitments permitted, but eyebrows were raised all around when Traffic immediately went into hibernation in Steve's country cottage and appeared to take no visible interest in the live music scene. Even their first hit single, Mason's 'Paper Sun' had been waxed

before their retreat, yet with the album 'Mr. Fantasy,' the months of lying low were eventually seen to be worthwhile.

Watching the group at work in the studio, you can immediately see why a co-operative was the right setup for Stevie. The four men work as one, continually adding to the song — some are written by Mason, others by drummer Capaldi in collaboration with Winwood and Wood — and making the final decisions with very little help from their talented American producer, Jimmy Miller. In short, the four men are musicians, not just by virtue of their individual instrumental versatility but by their approach to the business of making sound.

Said Jim Capaldi, the dark, bearded

drummer and most talkative member of Traffic: "We're not sorry that we haven't made it big as a 'pop' group because we're now at the stage where we're not in the pop scene any more — if you can call it that. By the time we release our single 'No Face, No Name, No Number' which was actually written by Steve and me ages ago when the group was getting together, we'd already by that time gone through so many changes so quickly. We were looking towards something that had nothing to do with the pop scene."

"We were like in one thing and our heads were maybe two years ahead," smiled Dave. "Our capabilities hadn't caught up with our ideas which they are probably just about doing now. We don't put down the pop scene," he stressed, "But there's just a side, the 'pop' pop, that's not us. We like creating music."

Jim said that he hoped the group could come out with something that would please both them and the record buyers.

"It's funny, you know, because if you really try to get across to people what it is that you want to do, it very often works in two ways: you can do it by having records in the Top Five every so often and you can get straight across to people without even denting the charts."

According to Dave, the 'own-up' time comes when the group is on stage and facing a hungry audience. "I went through a period of not liking live appearances at all," he admitted. "I was thinking one thing and I couldn't do it so I got frustrated and I left. I didn't feel right doing those pop tours, being stood on the stage somehow. The sudden thing of being in a group where you have hit records, you start to think, well, is what I've got valid enough to put me in that sort of position?"

As a consequence, Dave quit the group last Christmas to ponder awhile on his future in music. He rejoined the group in America in May, although he stressed that he had never, in fact, been far

away from what was happening. "If I hadn't left then, it would probably have messed me up a lot and the group as well," he admitted.

Jim nodded at this. "The public are so blind to the problems of groups. They probably wouldn't believe some of the background stories, the reasons why somebody split from somewhere. They get the impression it's a stardust scene. But the more you know, the more hang-ups you get into."

When it comes to Traffic's songwriting, Dave usually goes for himself— "I live mine first and then write them and see what I can say in 'em." Jim, on the other hand, writes in close collaboration with Steve, thinking up the words first before Steve adds the melody. Chris Wood, saxophonist, flutist, organist and occasional vocalist, adds his ideas later. "The thing about Steve's music is that he writes music and does things that couldn't be for anything else other than those words," said

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THE BEE GEES

Discuss Their Magnificent Flop!



Round a conference table in the basement of the Robert Stigwood Organization in Brook Street, Mayfair, a meeting was in progress. Members present: Colin Petersen, Barry, Maurice, and Robin Gibb. Apologies for absence

were received from Vince Melouney. On the agenda was the contention that the Bee Gees are at a critical phase in their career and the question - have their fans deserted them since the flop of "Jumbo" and their recent Brit-

ish tour, which was not as warmly received as was expected? A question that has since been answered by the arrival of "I've Gotta Get A Message To You."

"This is no more critical than any



other period," said Barry confidently. "I think every period is critical." And Colin added in support: "Our career was critical when we went on stage at Bridlington."

Robin entered the discussion with a

reference to "Jumbo." "I can only lay it down to one reason — not because it was the wrong choice of song, it wasn't the wrong choice and could easily have been a hit. But (a) because we released it while 'Words' was

still in the Top Thirty and (b) because we were releasing too many singles far too fast, which gets people confused."

(continued on page 54)

Any Similarity Between The Following Article And

THE MASON WILLIAMS PHONOGRAPH ALBUM

Is Entirely Intentional

The second most outrageous thing I learned this month was that Mason Williams' first album, *The Mason Williams Phonograph Album*, is on the charts and climbing. The first most outrageous item is that Mason Williams recorded a phonograph album. Next month's mindbender is going to be just accepting that *The Mason Williams Phonograph Album* is what it is. If, then, by the next month I can decide what to call it, I'll consider this quarter complete.

Three words about Mr. Mason Williams. He's an anachronism. A renaissance man. An individual that does everything he can think up and does it well. He is the author of seven books. One of them is a work of art, a life-size picture of a Greyhound bus that folds back between the covers of the little book. You don't read it, you go to see it at an art exhibit or on the Joey Bishop Show or in Life Magazine or in the permanent pop art collection of the Museum of Modern Art in New York. He is a television and nightclub writer and performer. He has composed over a hundred songs some of which have been recorded by the Smothers Brothers, The Kingston Trio, Gale Garnett, Johnny Desmond, Claudine Longet and Glenn Yarboro. Not a popstar among them—but then again, like so many popstars, Mason Williams used to be a folksinger. Right

there in the Woody Guthrie bag with the rest of them. They all got groups together, learned to use a wah-wah pedal and make emergency repairs on an amplifier, but Mason Williams settled down to more conventional things like chartering a skywriter to draw the stem and leaves of a flower underneath the sun to have it all come together as the largest sunflower ever (two miles wide and three miles high, if you're counting.) Which gave birth to the tune titled *Sunflower* on *The Mason Williams Phonograph Album*, which we must, inevitably deal with.

It starts, safely enough, with an overture, and a voice announces: "The Mason Williams Phonograph Record." He doesn't want you to miss a thing. Then comes a song, fully orchestrated, called "All The Time," with Mason Williams singing. Rather beautiful voice for an anachronism. The next cut is a tribute to Dylan Thomas to the tune of London Bridge's Falling Down:

Dylan Thomas is come and gone
come and gone
come and gone

Dylan Thomas is come and gone
his blood turned to words.

accompanying himself on the banjo, no less! Go ahead, laugh. I saw an unbearably long documentary film about Dylan Thomas once, narrated by Richard Burton and it somehow wasn't as appro-

priate.

The next song, "Wanderlove," so say the liner notes was recorded by Claudine Longet (Mrs. Andy Williams) and hit #2 on the charts in swinging Singapore. I wish I were making all this up; it'd probably be worth a fortune to somebody.

There are three arrangers on this album. Only one of them is Mason Williams. I guess there are some things he can think up, but cannot do. Thank heavens.

You've heard "Classical Gas." It was #2 on the national charts for quite some time. Its cut one, side two from the album. A kind of guitar country raga piece that flows into several rhythm changes before strings and percussion back it up. It comes to a lush crescendo in the middle, trumpets announce a second canto, the guitar picks up the raga-time run again and it rolls along getting bigger and plusher like a great snowball rolling improbably down an Afganastan mountainside, then fades slowly and delicately on the last sigh of the string section. All in three minutes. I could hear it for an hour. That might well be the second Mason Williams Phonograph Album. Next comes the totally irrelevant, corny "Long Times Blues" which Mason Williams says "is more where I'm at. Which is from

Texas." Texas has produced far, far worse.

Baroque - A - Nova is the only title that could adequately describe the song of the same name. The song has no words only voices. And the only thing that prevents me from giving an adequate description of the song called "The Prince's Panties" is the publisher of this magazine, so be sure to listen carefully.

"Life Song" is merely 27 seconds:
Isn't life beautiful
Isn't life gay

Isn't life the perfect thing
To pass the time away?

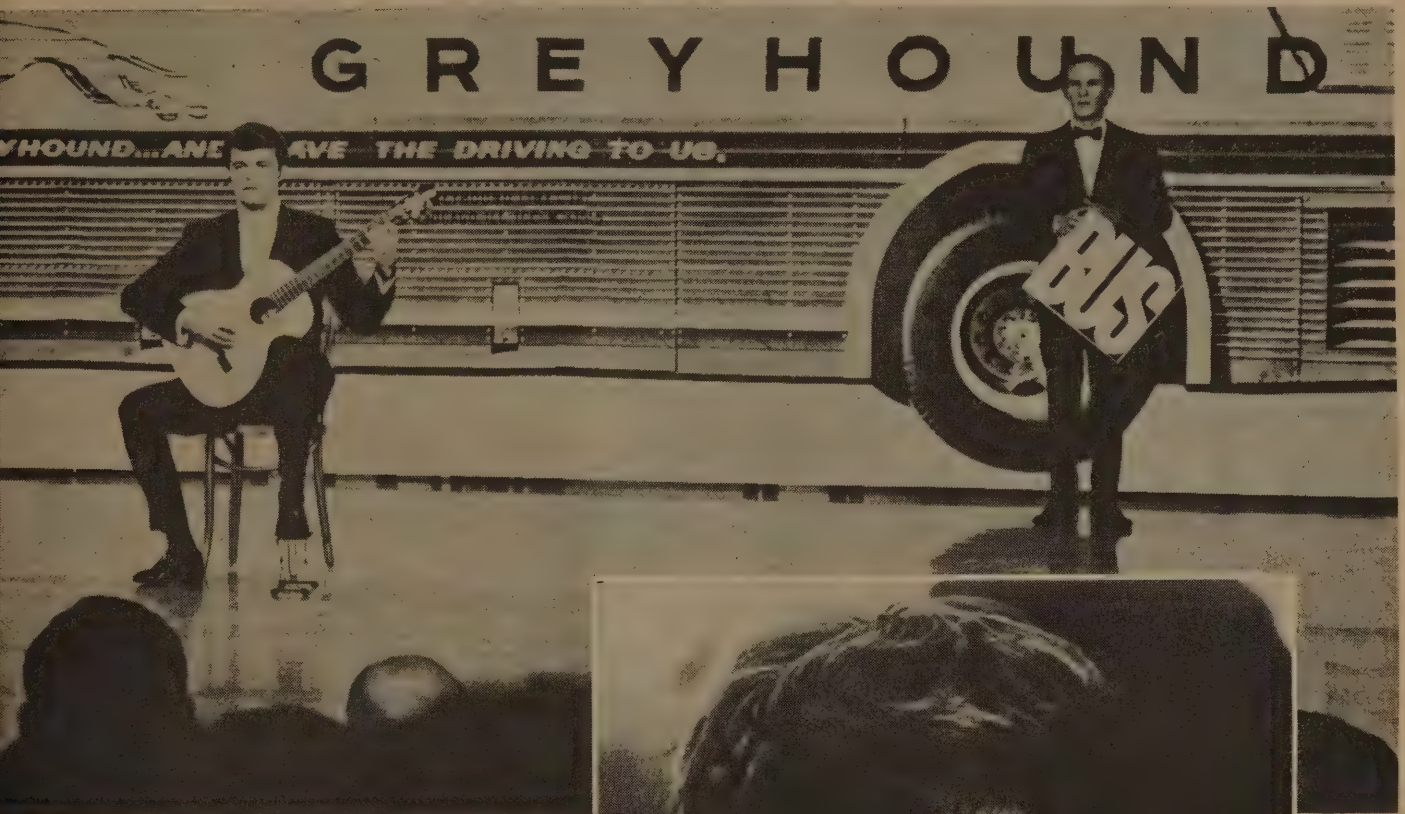
and Mason Williams does it again. Succinct, poetic, precise and inevitably, he has captured his entire philosophy and the key to understanding of this album and this man is summed up in those four lines and 27 seconds.

The album ends with "Sunflower", the musical accompaniment for the skywriter escapade described elsewhere (yes, he really did do that!). Its dreamy and whimsical and just the thing to whistle the next time you go around making a

sunflower out of Old Sol.

That's the Mason Williams Phonograph Record. And there isn't a thing you can call it except, half beautiful, half ridiculous, half sublime and entirely outrageous. You almost have to love it, its so totally unique so innocently and unpretentiously grand. And silly, its the silliest album I've ever heard and I've heard quite a bit of it.

Oh, and I was only kidding about the book with the life-sized Greyhound Bus inside of it. You can buy it if you want to. □ ellen sander



HIT PARADER

MARCH IS A LION. . . HERE'S WHAT'S IN STORE:

PAUL McCARTNEY

SPEAKS HIS MIND

ELECTRA'S SUPER GROUP

RHINOCEROS

JOHN

SEBASTIAN

BRINGS US UP TO DATE

LAST TIME AROUND FOR

BUFFALO

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BOBBIE GENTRY In

Don Partridge is the one-man band player who made it overnight from the London streets to the British charts with his whimsical little folksong, 'Rosie'. He is a plain spoken sort of guy who holds nothing in awe on the showbiz scene — not even being chosen as one of Bobbie Gentry's featured guests on her recently taped series for British television. But he knows where it's at.


"Hey Bobbie," he said casually as he unloaded his gear at rehearsal time,

"Would you do that thing of yours for me?" The long-legged girl from Chickasaw County, Miss., tossed back her trailing brown hair and summed him up with her enigmatic smile. "Sure," she replied softly. She picked up her little Martin guitar and pushed aside her teacup. Without any protest, without any bigtime, she went straight into her 'thing', the thing that made her a household name on an international level; a four-and-a-half minute study of neighborly indifference called

'Ode To Billie Joe'.

There were no pretensions, just music. Bobbie sang and played partly to herself, partly for her captive audience — musical director John Cameron, TV producer Stanley Dorfman and his assistant, Don Partridge and HP's girl in London. Up till then everyone had been busy being busy, but Miss Gentry got them to listening just with that certain *way* she has about her.

Later, she said that she never tired



old. It's called 'My Dog Sargent Is a Good Dog' and I've done it on one of the shows in this series. Even when I got my recording contract I'd actually gone to Capitol Records to try to sell 'Mississippi Delta', the song that became the flipside of "Billie Joe". I wrote and produced it myself and I wanted Lou Rawls or an artist like that to record it, but I was singing on the demo record and when they heard me sing, they signed me."

Bobbie smiled at the quirk of fate that changed her life last year. "I wasn't really going after that too much, it was mostly writing that interested me. That is what's important to me and what I'll really continue to pursue."

The security of being such a good writer helps the singer view the future with optimism. "There's no guarantee that you can ride the crest of any pop popularity and continue to do so and have hit singles and so on," she explained, "But if you write, that's another thing entirely and it gives you a nice kind of security. I write all the time and in fact I've done three things since I've been in England. One I haven't quite worked out yet but it has to do with a lady discussing with the undertaker to have the fabric picked out for lining the coffin. It's interesting because we tend to forget that when someone dies someone actually has to do this sort of thing, and in spite of the subject matter, the treatment isn't really that morbid."

From the day 'Billie Joe' was released, Bobbie's major advantage lay in the fact that her music was uncategorisable. As is wellknown, she made both the national and R&B charts for this very reason, yet some reviewers have tended to criticise her unfairly for the similarity of the material she has recorded, laying emphasis on its 'country-ness' and ignoring its obvious variety. In actual fact, the Gentry pen has moved freely through many areas other than her much dwelled-on Southern background, and her albums have been, if anything, a trifle unrepresentative of some of the musical ideas nestling up her sleeve.

"It's not that I've written so much about that kind of life but that most of the things that have been released or published are things about that part of the country," she pointed out. "I've written about any number of things."

But whatever Bobbie Gentry writes about and however well she does so, her name is still inextricably linked in most people's minds with the one song, 'Ode To Billie Joe'. "It's funny how songs happen," she mused. "I had that one phrase 'the day that Billie Joe McAllister jumped off the Tallahatchie bridge' written on a phone pad for two

or three weeks along with drawings and telephone numbers. Then it took me four hours to write the song."

"It's always hard to say what was the basis for inspiration for a song. Sometimes, like with 'Sunday Best', I have it running through me for quite a while. I keep pencils and pads always around me and I always have lots of notes. I jot them down and have them written down for days sometimes, but usually I have the thought in mind for quite a while before I start to write. 'Mississippi Delta', I kinda lived with that; I don't think anyone ever sits down and thinks of something right out of the blue."

Bobbie continually stresses her Southern origins in spite of having left Mississippi at the age of 13 and until recently returning home but once a year. She is especially fond of the colorful Choctaw and Chickasaw Indian names with which her regional songs are generously peppered, names like Okolona and Tupelo. "Looking at the map of Mississippi there are so many great names to conjure with but I don't think I'd like to go back to live there," she commented. "I like to go home and since this last success I've been able to do so four or five times, but there'd be no reason for me to go back and live there. I have some land there and I've had it for a long time, but my favorite place, I guess, is New Orleans. I think I'd live there if I didn't live on the West Coast."

"Mississippi's struggling along, though, in spite of being the last station, economically, in the USA. But there are no big cities there, really. Even Jackson, the state capital, isn't very big by Northern standards."

The Tallahatchie Bridge, Bobbie went on to explain, is another Choctaw word and the bridge, like all the locales in her songs, is a place she knows well. "Kids used to dare each other to jump off that bridge," she said, "and it's not really a very safe thing to do. It's deep and treacherous, a very fast current with lots of whirlpools and lots of embedded logs and pieces of timber under the water but I'm sure people have jumped off at some time or another, though whether anyone's committed suicide there, I wouldn't know."

On her first album, all the songs were Gentry originals with the exception of the rather puzzling essay in Cajun doubletalk, 'Niki Hoeky'. By coincidence, the singer has herself just finished producing an album of Cajun music by a Los Angeles group called, originally enough, The Cajun. Of it, she said: "I'm looking forward to great success because the music is so absolutely basic."

"The section of the country that I come from is very rich in that Delta

England

of singing her songs because these little stories, these little vignettes of Southern life, (not to mention the totally abstract songs like 'Refractions' from her second album), are what her life is about. Although her academic background is impressive — she majored in philosophy at UCLA — there was never any doubt in Bobbie's mind that music would eventually win the day.

"I always wanted to write," she recalled. "I wrote the first song that I can still play when I was 7 years



blues and many famous colored artists are from out of there, people like Jimmy Reed and John Lee Hooker, but the Cajuns are different. They are a mixture of people who were originally French-Canadian and came down the Mississippi River and settled around New Orleans. The peoples mixed so that you have a wonderful mixture of French and Negro and Spanish and Portugese and their music is quite unique. It's got to be the most basic."

While she was in London, Bobbie was discussing plans for a projected feature length film of 'Ode to Billie Joe', "though whether I'll play the girl or not, I don't know." What is certain, though, is that the treatment of the subject has been more or less settled and that Miss Gentry will be responsible for all the music.

Because she has had considerable musical training — her formal educa-

tion started at 13 — Bobbie gets along with musicians. Her London schedule was hectic — six full-length TV shows in the same number of weeks plus recording most nights after she had completed everything pertaining to the series — and it is doubtful whether she could have worked with such ease without knowing about the musical side of things. "It's nice for an artist to be able to play because so often it's not that an artist doesn't hear music but that they don't know how to communicate," she explained. "I'm lucky that I have a very nice bunch of people to work with, too. I like my producer very much and my musical director very much and I'm happy with all of the orchestra and that's very pleasant. It's not always so pleasant."

But above all, she loves her music. "I wish you could hear my new album," she enthused. "It's called 'The

Local Gentry' and most of the songs have to do with different characters. I think that with this album it'll be even more evident that I'm beginning to spread out more into different areas. There's one tune on it that I like particularly well, it's called 'Ace Insurance Man'." A mischievous twinkle appeared in her eye. "Here," she said, "let me play it for you..."

And that was how Bobbie Gentry came to be sitting cross-legged on a table giving your London correspondent a preview of one of her most amusing songs. No one but a woman who lives her music would have done it that way and Bobbie lives as well as loves her music. "What do I listen to for pleasure?" she echoed. "Well, it's all pleasure to me. Because I'm a writer, though, I try to stay on top of all of the trends so that a portion of the week I'll spend listening to the leading Country and Western station and another portion the pop stations. I listen to and enjoy all types of music but classical music tends to make me nervous. I don't know exactly why but it does."

Bobbie found it exceedingly hard to name a number of favorite records. "I guess that the Beach Boys' 'Good Vibrations' has been on my list for a long time, also the Beatles' 'Fool On The Hill.' I like any number of things that Kenny Rankin has done but there's one in particular called 'Peaceful' which I've recorded myself. But favorites change like anything else. I particularly liked Glenn Campbell's 'By The Time I Get To Phoenix'. Glenn is a very good friend of mine and in fact we just completed a single together which will be released this Summer. We're about halfway through an album now, too, and he will appear on the last of my shows here in London."

Bobbie was brought back to the present by the reappearance of Don Partridge. Together, they ran through a hilarious version of the Beatles' 'When I'm Sixty Four' which they later did on the show, and everyone cracked up. Although the song is indelibly English, Bobbie Gentry made it hers as well in the same way that every song she gets into sounds as though she'd composed it herself. I reminded her of her oft-quoted statement, "I don't sing white and I don't sing colored — I sing Southern," and she agreed that this was still true.

"People always try to categorize you," she commented, "and this is especially true of Americans. They feel they must do it, but fortunately no one could quite categorize the kind of music I did because there had not been anything quite like it before. It worked out very well for me." And for the listeners, too. □ valerie wilmer

relatively small number of record companies. Most of the amalgamated giants, like Warner Brothers-Seven Arts-Reprise (which owns Atlantic-Atco), MCA-Decca-UNI, CBS-Columbia-Epic - Date - Ode - Immediate - Crossroads - Odyssey - Harmony - Playtime and so on, have recognized certain virtues in the small-label setup that made rock and roll great. So they have kept their various subsidiaries independent in terms of record production and distribution, rather than centralizing all functions under a single staff as was done in the old days. This system has one great advantage, in that groups and producers are given large budgets to work with.

Modern rock recording can get fantastically expensive. In the last year, few decent albums have been made for less than \$10,000; and many of them run into six figures. It's no wonder that the rock record business is getting to look more and more like the motion picture industry. There are only about 150 eight-track tape machines on our planet, and the studios that own them charge copiously for their use. Since the conditions of studio rock are so different from live rock, groups often have to spend many hours of studio time — at over \$100 an hour — just rehearsing and experimenting. A performance that knocks 'em dead in concert may have to be drastically remodeled in the studio, for records have no element of spontaneity after you've heard them a few times. Every second has to be a mindblower, or perfect at the very least.

Beginning in 1966 (with *Revolver* and *Freak Out* by The Mothers of Invention), rock groups gradually ceased limiting their studio performances to things they could reproduce live, and concentrated on making their records as powerful as possible on their own terms. At first this practice was opposed with almost moralistic fervor by some fans and industry people, but it seems to be thoroughly accepted now. If the group is any good, the live performances will have enough spontaneous excitement so that nobody misses the additions.

Many recent records have not only used added musicians, but have integrated sound effects, electronic music, and elaborate taping processes into their music. The Steve Miller Band, which plays virtually nothing but blues in concert, has a breathtaking sound-effects collage on their *Children of the Future* album. The United States of America uses quite a few electronic-music effects on their Columbia LP. Moby Grape's *Wow* has a cut that must be played at 78 RPM. Needless to say, the Beatles and the Mothers have continued to lead the way.

If there is a trend away from such things, as may well be the case, *Sgt. Pepper* will probably remain as the towering example of studio-created genius-rock. Even if we rock hard and simple into 1969, studios and groups should continue to profit from the great experiments of 1967 and 1968, even as they take for granted the long-forgotten ones of 1877, 1925, and 1953. □barret hansen



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The Bee Gee's Flop! (continued from page 45)

"Take for instance Manfred Mann. When 'Mighty Quinn' was No. 1 they released 'Up The Junction' and nobody ever heard it. Yet their next single, 'My Name Is Jack,' was an instant hit. You could have said that Manfred Mann was at a critical point, yet the one before 'Quinn' was a flop as well."

Robin excused himself to answer one of the several phones placed at strategic points in the room and Colin took over. "You can put a record out and the timing can be off by a week or two weeks. If 'Jumbo' had been released three weeks later it could have been a smash."

Robin was quickly back: "Say we had released 'Jumbo' now. Then it might have done better because people would not have heard so much from us and the less you hear from a person, the more the interest grows and starts to build up again - we hope."

Maurice mentioned Petula Clark who was still "right up there" even though she hadn't had a hit recently, and Barry said that he was surprised there hadn't been more nasty remarks when "Jumbo" flopped.

"They passed it over as saying all right, they've missed with a record but let's not dismiss them too hastily. It knocked us out that a lot of people still had respect for us instead of jumping down our throats as soon as we had a flop record."

"And I think that is the most important thing, that we still have respect in the business and people are still waiting for the next record."

"Yeah. We only made Jumbo so the kids could feel sorry for us," joked Colin, which brought the retort from a "hurt" Maurice: "Well I wish somebody had told me that."

Phones started ringing from all points of the compass now and it was Maurice this time who left to take a call.

"Robert (the group's manager) was pushed into releasing 'Jumbo' by the American market because they preferred it to the other side. We preferred the other side," said Barry.

Colin thought lack of exposure was mainly to blame. "I don't think 'Jumbo' died by itself. With exposure it could have been a bigger record."

Barry said he thought the single would have fared better if it had been turned over.

"If it had been flipped and played just the same it wouldn't have been any bigger," said Colin. "If a thing is not played you just can't have a hit. I don't think half the public was aware that we had a single out."

Back to Barry: "I think the other side would have been a hit because in Germany they turned it over and we got to No. 2 with 'Jumbo' and

No. 4 with 'Singer Sang The Song.' It dropped after a while and then 'Singer jumped back in on it's own to six from nowhere."

"In Britain it was our type of song and it would have been much stronger. 'Jumbo' was not our kind of song and we were trying to do something that wasn't us. This new one is us."

Colin agreed the new single, "I've Gotta Get A Message To You," was obviously more commercial but added he didn't think "Jumbo" had done them any harm.

"It hasn't," said Barry, "from the kids that we've spoken to.... There are usually dozens of kids around our door and those kids haven't faltered in any way. They haven't sort of drifted away because we've had one record that hasn't done well. They're still there and they're waiting for the new single."

"You see, people like the Beatles and other groups.... It's great for these people because they can't miss. They have an established following and millions of fans who will automatically buy their record whether it's good or bad, although the Beatles are always good."

"But it's a bit more involved than that," said Colin. "You see, the Beatles will put out a record which isn't obviously commercial and takes a lot of play. People feel obliged to play it and play it until it clicks."

"For other groups, us included, if a record isn't obviously commercial at first they won't play it again and again until it is commercial. And that is why the charts are full of obviously commercial songs."

And with Barry again: "I think something's changed in the past year as regards groups or any artist because you can have a flop record and still retain the popularity you had in the first place."

"Once you get to a certain popularity you can keep that even if you have a flop record. Because the kids now pick a group they like and then buy the song if they like it. If they don't like it, it doesn't mean they don't like the group. Nowadays it's the group they like more than the record."

The Gibb brothers departed and I stayed on chatting with Colin for several minutes. On my arrival in Brook Street I had seen evidence of the fans Barry had said were still faithful to them and, when I left, the group's white Rolls was still parked in the roadway while Maurice, Robin and Barry obliged the surrounding autograph hunters.

The Bee Gees, I can report, are not over-worried about what the future may hold - and I don't think they need to be. □nick logan

(continued from page 35)

tion with the calypso beat. The album was precious to a fault, and I found it rather disappointing in light of what I had read in advance of the Incredible String Band in the British papers, which had touted them as a group that combined all the better elements of folk music with the virtues of the Beatles. (I still find little similarity between the ISB and the Beatles. They have qualities in common with Donovan, but have a more comprehensive intellect and a better grasp of their powers.)

Having filed away *5000 Spirits* as the work of a talented but overrated group with limited appeal, I was taken completely off balance by the impact of *The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter*. Although each of the creators writes alone, the attitudes, shapes and harmonies could almost be of one mind—Heron's is perhaps the slightly more baroque and richly embroidered inward-turning mind. His twelve-and-a-half minute "A Very Cellular Song" is a successful fusion of biochemistry and gospel tent hinduism; it reminds me of one book from a set of encyclopedias my family used to have; it was labeled 'Mormons to Optimism' and contained everything between those two words; "Cellular Song" is like that. Perhaps one could say that Heron's musical concepts are more daring—indeed, sometimes they are almost breathtaking—than those of Williamson, who glories in nature and enjoys writing for children. The sound effects—especially in "Water" and the squelching and slithering of "Cellular Song" are evocative to the point of tactility, but always fitting and subtle. One cut, "Minotaur," reminded me of *Gorilla*, the Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band album. Williamson is more musical in his soul than the Bonzo Band; and while the style on "Minotaur" is similar to the Bonzo kind of facetiousness, the Williamson outlook is healthy and creative. Williamson has far more scope than they, and "Minotaur" is just one plane in his multi-dimensional gallery. Williamson the self-confident is a coolly humorous person, who, like Donovan, never loses his commanding affection for small things.

"The Mad Hatter's Song"—which Ellen Sander quoted extensively in her story—is an assessment by Robin Williamson of his own soul at that particular point in time. It anticipates the later "Koeoaddi There" in the *Hangman* album in which he shows his taste for self-research and self-revelation even more fully developed. The segment from "The Mad Hatter's Song" beginning "...But I am the archer..." loses its poetic obscurity when it is understood that Williamson is born under the Sign of

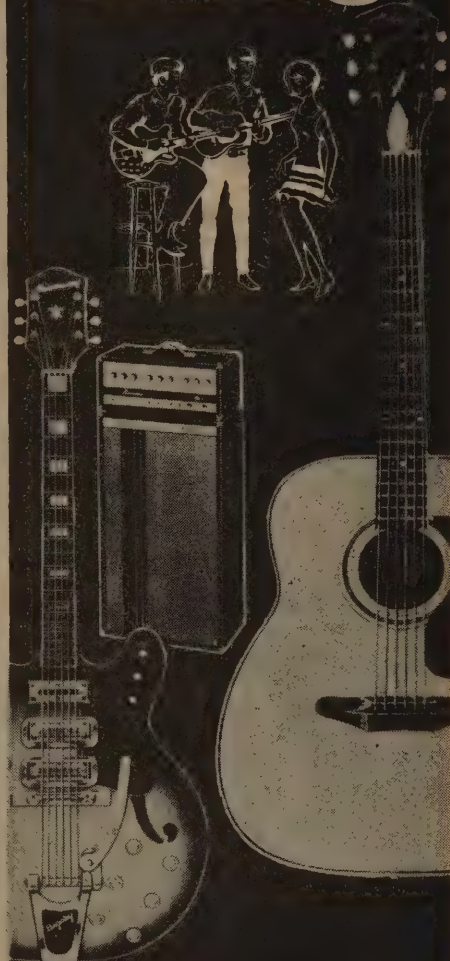
Sagittarius. (The symbol is neatly drawn above his name on the cover of *5000 Spirits*.) And "...hooked by the heart to the Kingfisher's line..." probably refers to his empathy and partnership with Heron.

Williamson's affection for word and sound games and puzzles of all kinds is an outstanding characteristic of all his songs, not shared to the same degree by Heron, who is straightforward in the small ways and seems to prefer playing his games on a more nearly Cosmic scale. Distinguishing between the songs of Williamson and Heron is certainly not a simple, clear-cut matter like telling Lennon from McCartney, even though the ISB make it easier for you by establishing separate credits. Heron likes nature every bit as well as Williamson, but he strives to place the Earth within his occult view of the extra-universal. Williamson's attitude is fatalistic and accepting. In "Koeoaddi There," he says "...If you answer this riddle, you'll never begin..." Heron is the more dramatic vocalist and arranger, in line with his constant attempts to bend the material to his will, while Williamson seems more content to let the poetry of the music speak with its own voice.

They very seldom bother with such things as personal parodies of other musicians; an exception is Williamson's "Blues for the Muse" in *5000 Spirits*, a successful satire—not unmixed with admiration—of Bob Dylan's poetry, which is far more difficult to satirize than his manner. In "Way Back in the 1960's," from the same album, Williamson says, "...There was one fellow singing in those days and he was quite good/the men said that his name was Bob Dylan..." It is evident of Williamson's respect that he includes Dylan in his mythical projection of things to be remembered 70 years from now. But in *The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter*, the ISB have left topical material for the longer pull, and they have made a world where the presence of Bob Dylan or any other pop personality or pop object would be foreign and intrusive.

As Ellen Sander perceptively noted, the ISB never wasted anything; they have an idea about every ten seconds, and the ideas invariably culminate impressively. The child voice in "Cellular Song," for example, is not merely an attention-grabbing gimmick like that in Traffic's "Hole in My Shoe," which comes in the center of a series of undisciplined nonsense images in a simplistic tune. The child in "Cellular Song" is there to reinforce a concept. I think that Williamson and Heron are the first popular music group of this century to fully nourish our souls by providing integrated and balanced verbal and non-verbal music concepts molded into valid, exciting, prismatic structures. □

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Traffic Talk

(continued from page 43)

Jim happily. "It mixes very well. On 'Mr. Fantasy' there were short bursts that were really inspired and seemed to come from a natural source. I thought that track 'Heaven Is In Your Mind' sounded like it was a very natural thing; of Steve vocally, of me lyrically, of us performance-wise. We even did it that way in the studio. We set up and played it just like we would have done live and recorded it all in one go."

The quieter Dave Mason, on the other hand, admitted that, "You can go into a recording studio and spend hours and do nothing. It doesn't have anything to do with playing live or being in a studio, it's all down to what you do when you're doing it as to what comes out. Now I think we're getting to the thing where we want the impact to come from what each one of us can do."

Dave, who plays guitar, bass guitar, meletron, sitar, tambura and shakki on Traffic's album, confesses that he is currently "trying to get some flute together" so that he and Chris can play duets on-stage. "The best thing about being a minor success is that I've always liked any form of music so I can put into mine the things that I like," he went on. "In any context there are only two sorts of music, good and bad, so you just listen to a lot of things and make your own standards. Those standards alter, anyway, as time goes by."

Dave, although an apparently casual kind of person in conversation, is an enthusiastic hard worker in the studio. He doesn't believe that anything ever happens unless you work hard for it. "It's just like Chris said: in this group it's 90% hard work and 10% talent, and it is hard work because it's only through that that you can reach freedom and expression. If you come into music via pop it's so easy to think that you're going to get up one morning and be able to do fantastic things, but it doesn't happen like that. You have to go through this sense of finding out."

"Yes," Jim agreed, "And the beauty is seeing days in the near future when you can do things that you've always wanted to do and you reach those and by the time you get there your mind has already gone on and you've found other things that you're looking for. It goes in certain circles and spasms, you reach certain doors and you have to get through them."

Traffic is for ever reaching new doors if their recent recording session was anything to go by. From out of many days of really hard work, long nights spent in the studio and control room, their next album will emerge. "It will be a lot subtler than 'Mr. Fantasy'," they said. If it's half as good, it'll be a gas. valerie wilmer

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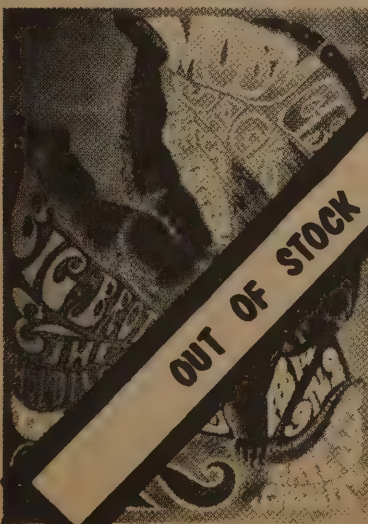
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by Turtle drummer John Barbata

The first record that comes to mind is *Rubber Soul*. That particular Beatle album is one of my favorites because it was their first artistic achievement. It was the first album that had a conception.

On the previous albums they had always surprised you with the interesting little tunes they could come up with, but they all followed a similar pattern.

By the time they conceived of *Rubber Soul* they had gone through all their mental changes. They were fully aware of what they had done in the past and why and still held on to it, and were now ready to go beyond themselves. Every song on that album was a masterpiece of it's period.

I've heard comments to the effect that George Martin has been responsible for their best work. Well, I think that they were lucky to have him with them, but no producer can force a group to make those changes.

My favorite song on the album is "Michelle." Harrison did some nice guitar work on that cut. He made his guitar sound like a french horn. He's a good sound guitarist, and he isn't afraid of it. Too many guitarists think that they have to be real flashy or play a few screaming blues riffs in the middle of a ballad to get it on.

BUDDY RICH — LIVE AT THE ACTION

I doubt if many of your readers are big Buddy Rich fans, but I am. As a drummer I especially appreciate Rich; when you hear this album you are listening to the best technical big band drummer in the world today. Some of the songs on the album are from *Rubber Soul*, but the big band arrangements

and Rich's drumming twist your ear around and you hear different things happening.

OTIS REDDING — LIVE IN EUROPE

I think the album could have been recorded better, but it did capture much of the raw power that Otis Redding generated when he was living. I remember when he died; I couldn't quite believe it was true. I thought it was a joke, man. I mean those things don't happen to great entertainers like that, not when they're just making it big.

I like R&B more than any other form of music. It's a whole different thing from rock and jazz. It's more feeling than anything else. Where does it come from (that feeling)? You don't really know. It cannot be pinned down.

"You Can't Turn Me Loose" is one of the all time great songs. Man, when you hear it you can see Otis moving, dancing and holding that microphone and pouring that soul all over the audience. When you see him this big smile suddenly appears on your face and you can't get rid of it for a long time. His music is uplifting.

SONG OF THE SEA GULL — JONI MITCHELL

When I first heard this album I thought she had a good voice and that the songs were better than most; the entire album seemed to blend together. But then I played it again and the whole thing came together.

She is a unique song-stylist. Her phrasing devices never sound contrived and whatever effect she tries for she achieves. The album makes it on all counts.

"Night In The City" is possibly the best tune on the album. It is, along with all her material, good poetry. Her guitar work on "Song Of The Sea Gull" is very subtle. You don't hear what it is that she's doing at first; it all interacts so well, but the use of ascending and descending scale structures gives a sound impression of a sea gull in flight: that's why the song is so captivating.

BORN UNDER A BAD SIGN — ALBERT KING

Again every cut on the album is great. When Albert sings "I Been Down So Long, Down Don't Bother Me" you know he knows what he's talking about. It's the best collection of blues I've ever heard: "Crosscut Saw," "Love Gun," "Born Under A Bad Sign," "Pretty Woman." He and his cousin B.B. are the tops. They bring more to their music than just racial background. □

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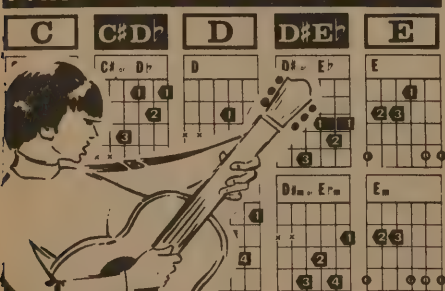
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TEMPO/LONESOME SUNDOWN
by Jim Delehant

Lonesome was one of twelve children born to Mr. & Mrs. Green in the year 1931. His parents called him Cornelius so that one boy would bear his father's name. Donaldsonville, Louisiana was the town, with a railroad on one side and the Mississippi River on the other. If you look on the map, Donaldsonville is right between Baton Rouge and New Orleans. It is surrounded by a spider web of major railways, tempting the wanderer and making travel to other cities in the south quite an easy proposition.

By 1948, Lonesome had developed a serious interest in music and had taught himself to play piano. He was eighteen then, and finished with school. "I remember I had to walk eight miles to and from school everyday and I used to sing to myself to make the distance shorter. I sang when I was little too. Right from the beginning, I wanted to be a blues singer when I grew up, be in a band and make records."

The lure of city life and a desire to become a professional musician grew so strong that he left his home that same year for New Orleans. "As soon as I arrived, I got a job as a porter at the New South Port Club and took music lessons on the side. I took a very cheap guitar with me that I got on loan from my uncle. I knew how to play it pretty good by 1952."

Lonesome moved to Jeanerette, Louisiana to work on a sugar cane farm for a little over a year and then moved on to Port Arthur, Texas as a laborer. He played his guitar every spare moment and planned his next move. "I thought of my goal to become a recording artist. I learned to play pop and sweet

music also so I could play in pop bands as well as blues bands."

Texas in 1955 saw Lonesome purchasing a more expensive electric guitar. "At first it seemed that the cheap guitar played better but after a day or two I adjusted myself to the modern style guitar. On weekends I would listen to the bands in Texas. I realized, then, that I should get a blues style of my own. I didn't want to sound the same as all the other blues recording artists. One of my favorite bands in Texas was the Clifton Chenier band. One night he let me sit in and then hired me as rhythm guitarist. I played my first dance with Chenier in Port Arthur. We traveled from Louisiana to California, playing dances mostly, and finally I got to record as a sideman. I got a chance to sing with the band and the people seemed to like the feeling I put into the blues more than my pop songs. So I decided to stick with the blues and perfect my style."

Toward the end of 1955, Lonesome moved to Opelousas, Louisiana, where he has lived ever since, and got a job playing lead guitar in the Lloyd Renaud band. While with Renaud, he began to write a simple form of blues poetry using his own guitar accompaniment and a rhythm section.

In 1956, he took a trip over to Crowley, Louisiana, about forty miles from Opelousas, with two freshly written tunes and the hope that they would be recorded by Jay Miller who tapes all of the blues singers for Ernie Young's Excello label in Nashville, Tennessee. Miller recorded him and sent the tape to Young who immediately released Lonesome's first single "Lost Without Love" and "Leave My Money Alone."

"It was then that I used my original style. I recorded the blues rather than pop because it had a lot more feeling and the blues is the father of all music to my idea." Lonesome's more recent releases on the Excello label are "I'm A Simplin' Man," "What I Had I Didn't Need" and "Guardian Angel."

(Ed. note: I wrote to Lonesome, asking him to list his favorite singers, cities, hobbies, and an interesting experience that he had in his travels. This is what he said.) "Some of my favorite artists are, Slim Harpo, Slim is also a personal friend; B.B. King, also a friend of mine; Jimmy Reed, a friend; Fats Domino, also a friend. My favorite girl singers are Carrol Fran, also a friend; Barbara Lynn, Brenda Lee and Connie Francis. My favorite city is Los Angeles, California. I also like New York and Detroit. I wish the entire world was integrated and everyone was free. I would like to tour every state in the U.S.A. I like hunting, fishing, swimming and bowling. Sorry, I don't have any interesting experiences more than with girls and they are treasured." □



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ARTHUR BROWN

People all over America are still recovering from having their minds ripped apart in much the same way as London's hippie population did more than a year ago when first presented with the extraordinary spectacle of The Crazy World of Arthur Brown, fiery helmet ablaze and phosphorescent robes swirling, leap onstage at London's late-lamented UFO Club.

For the first time anyone sees Arthur, it is very difficult to accept that it's all actually happening!

True, the mind has already been prepared for something special by the driving, swooping strains of the organ and the hard-driving drum which pulsates throughout the hall. But nothing really could have made you expect the blazing spectacle of Arthur Brown.

Weird, metallic masks, painted face, various multicolored robes—which Arthur often changes onstage in between numbers—and helmets of all types, most with real fire coming from Arthur's special secret recipe for tame fire, have always been part of his stock in trade.

Where Arthur Brown is so different is his singing and, even more so when you actually see him, his dancing. So good are both that the clothes, masks, and helmets become very secondary indeed to the art of the man himself. Which is how it should be.

His singing you can hear on his Atlantic single, "Fire," and his album, "The Crazy World of Arthur Brown": That extraordinary range, one moment hushed, clear and true, the next screeching, shouting and raving—from one extreme to the other in the space of a drum-beat. Arthur studied opera during his University days, but gave it up when he found there were few operas in which he could set himself on fire.

Whether you find the spectacle of him onstage amusing, repellent, awe-inspiring or horrific, you have to own up when it comes to his singing—it really is matchless in power and range.

His dancing, though, you cannot hear on his records. And that is probably one of the most unique things about him. Arthur always appears onstage as a very hip Dervish with rigid limbs and a case of advanced St. Vitus Dance.

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Vanguard heard Notes in California and signed them to an exclusive recording contract last November. They have already appeared in key music spots on the West Coast, including the Fillmore (a benefit), the Matrix, the Straight Theatre and the Carousel. A first album is now available.

When Notes came into New York for their recording sessions, a representative from the Electric Circus (one of New York's most popular nightspots) attended and immediately asked them to play a gig at the club.

FRED SOKOLOW, lead guitar, banjo, mandolin, koto, lead singer, dropped out of college in Berkeley after two and one half years in order to become a "political agitator"...he made a living by teaching guitar. He started playing the guitar when he was five (primarily because he "dug cowboys"). In high school, he took up the banjo and belonged to a folk music group

...he got into folk, blue grass and country. Then he went to college because..."That was the accepted thing to do"...and only played his music for friends. After leaving

Berkeley, Fred joined a rock and roll group, eventually joined up with Mark (whom he had known since high school) and started Notes. What do you like?... "I like animals (as much or more than people)...people in fact should look more like animals because that's what they really are." Someday, he would enjoy living in the country....one of his favorite things?... "good classic foods without preservatives added."

MARK MANDELL, rhythm guitar, bass harmonica, lead singer, took guitar lessons from Fred in high school....and for the first time, realized his deep appreciation for music. From that point on, Mark never stopped playing. Following high school, he attended the University of California and started his own group....on the side, he

majoring in English. After two years, Mark left school and eventually helped form Notes. Pastimes — reading, science and fiction. Future — "I try not to think about it."

SKIP ROSE, Piano, organ, says, "Nothing much happened to me until I was five...then I learned how to play the piano." Skip took classical lessons until he was 16...at that point, he joined the Musicians Union and played his first rock and roll gig "with a bunch of freaks...we were very, very bad. Then I began playing blues piano with guitar lines...that really turned me on." At 18, he attended Oakland City College (for three months) and played in a dance band which had a lot of "groovy musicians." In fact, the entire band was taken on a cross country tour by Bobby Bland. "That gig taught me how to play but most of all, it taught me how to be a musician. We were broke, spit upon and stolen from. Various gigs were added to his lists of credits until 1964....then Skip

disappeared and didn't turn up again until he joined Notes. "I dig Johnny Hartsman (guitarist, organist) and Buddy Montgomery (piano). What do I want to do?...play. What would I like to have?...a beautiful ranch on the ocean (15 minutes from Chicago), a beautiful chick. I like to cook and make my own clothes...I love dogs...I would like a garden...I guess I am righteously evil."

MIKE O'CONNOR, bass, singer, was born in Upper Peninsula, Michigan, April 24, 1942, Mike grew up in various places (his father was in the service). He finally ended up in Colorado where he attended the Merchant Marine Academy...for two months only because "it really wasn't my thing." He was a "beatnik" in Denver for a while and then entered the University of Colorado...where he remained, on and off, for about three years. (During this time, he belonged to a folk music trio called the New Mobile Strugglers.) "Then I fell apart



DAVID ACKLES

David Ackles' first Elektra LP has just been released. He is 31, sin-

fully good-looking, California tan, blue eyes, curly hair. He was born in Rock Island, Illinois, has an older

sister Sally and a teenage one named Kim. His mother, Queenie, was an actress, had her own radio show in Rock Island and is now a theatrical director. Her whole family has a show biz background. Father Ackles, on the other hand, has been in the used car business all his life.

At age 4, David began a song-and-dance act with sister Sally and they played vaudeville and USO shows. His folks moved to L.A. when he was 12. In high school, he won the National Poetry Contest and was elected student body president. Soon after producer Bill ("Rosemary's Baby") Castle signed him for a series of movies starring a dog named Rusty — "Rusty Has A Birthday," "The Return of Rusty," etc. This went on for three years.

After finishing high school, he majored in English at USC where he met David Anderle, the fellow who years later signed him to Elektra and produced his album. Ackles wanted to appear in musicals at USC but couldn't because he had had professional acting experience. Therefore, he volunteered to choreograph them all and stuck himself in the chorus. He also joined the choir and became its president.

After a short sojourn in Europe, he finished at SC and got his degree. Then he played the aspiring actor in New York but wound up working for a brokerage firm that specializes in plastics. Then back to LA for more casting turndowns and jobs as a gardener, toilet paper

factory worker and plant guard. He returned to SC to get his master's degree in Drama and almost succeeded. His thesis was a play about a man who had a religious vision of tremendous importance but died before he could tell anyone about it. No one understood the play. He also worked as a choreographer for the Parks Department and staged plays for the Emmanuel Presbyterian Church. (He still does four shows a year there — stages, designs sets, builds them and acts in them.)

David's musical influences are almost all classical — Shostakovich, Ives, Mozart, Britten with a lot of Kurt Weill and some folk influence from Pete Seeger and Malvina Reynolds. He had written ballet scores, and one of them based on Truman Capote's "Children On Their Birthdays" was aired on NBC-TV.

It is important to note that he approaches songwriting from a background of literary training. His lyrics, therefore tend to be restrained but highly dramatic. Also, at one time, he considered becoming a minister of religious drama and to this day is a faithful churchgoer. This shows in his music.

His album would lead you to believe he is in his late 30's with leathery skin, worked on chain gangs, etc. In person, he reflects something entirely different yet he insists, "Inside, I am what my music is, no matter what I am outside."

....I took off for Mexico for a bit, then on to Manetou Springs, Colorado for a year." His primary musical interest was Jug Band Music... "I really dug Jim Kweskin." He originally intended to visit California for only a few weeks...he met Notes and never left. Mike is also an artist (he was an art major in college)...and he likes to "create things." He has a special affinity for cats and iguanas.

PETER OSTWALD, drums, trumpet, singer, has lived in Berkeley all of his life. At 5, he was forced to take classical piano lessons (he continued for 5 years) but in sixth grade, he met a guitar player who taught him C&W guitar and he loved it. He attended Putney School in Vermont, got interested in jazz and took up the trumpet. After graduation, he enrolled in Oakland City College, but soon matriculated to California ("Everyone from Putney went to Harvard...I guess I was ashamed.")....he finished his Junior year in psychology, art...



tory and philosophy. He quit school to study trumpet ("with middling success") and even played drums for Jolly Jodie and the Go-Daddies for awhile, but they threw him out. He went back to the trumpet....

and then played drums with Sandy Bull. After a sabbatical in Europe, Notes called (they needed a drummer) and said.... "Why don't you come by tomorrow"...and that's the way it's been ever since

...."really a day-to-day thing." Peter digs the mountains in summer and winter and all the times between — "I ski in the winter.... I lay around in the summer." He also watches TV, makes furniture.

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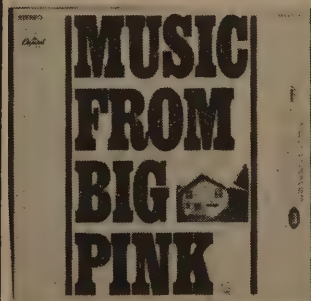
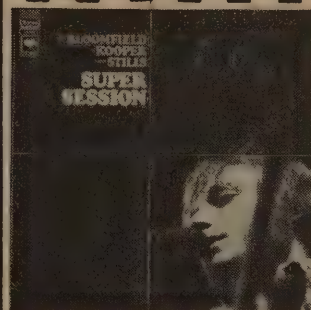
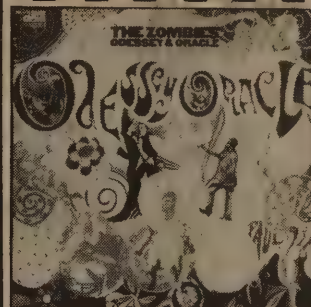
IN MY OWN DREAM is the best Butterfield album yet, despite a few muddy production spots. The band has finally grown accustomed to recording in the studio and developed the fine art of cooking under technical control. "Drunk Again," about a musician with a yen for girls and gin, is played with great humor by Elvin Bishop. This might well be the answer song to Martha's "I Can't Dance To That Music You're Playing." The most exciting cut is "Get Yourself Together," an uptempo gut shaker with short horn bursts and all the stops out. Some excellent slow blues too. Al Kooper guests on organ. (Elektra EKS 74025)

ODESSEY AND ORACLE is the answer to — whatever happened to the Zombies? Remember "She's Not There" and "Tell Her No"? The Zombies have come a long way since then to give us a magnificent album. They composed, arranged, performed and produced all twelve new tunes here and everyone of them is a knock out. Everybody will want to record some of them. Most notable are the melodies, lyrics and sparkling vocal arrangements. Some tunes, like "Friends Of Mine," get into unusual and tasty rhythmical piano. "Care Of Cell" and "Brief Candles" could be instant number one singles. Welcome back, Zombies. (Date TES 4013)

KANGAROO is about the fiftieth new group we heard in one week. (Record companies have a nerve putting out so much garbage.) What a relief Kangaroo was. Their album is a joy from beginning to end. The band, a trio, is into hard country rock with excellent lead guitar distortion and fine arrangements. They are tight and swing magnificently. The vocal harmonies are well done and Barbara Keith handles folk ballads with great feeling. Two jugband numbers, "Frog Giggin'" and "Tweed's Chicken Inn," are where the Spoonful should have gone. "Daydream Stallion," "Happy Man" and "Maybe Tomorrow" are absolutely beautiful. All twelve tunes were written by the group. (MGM -SE 4586)

SUPER SESSION is by a super group composed of Mike Bloomfield (Ex-Flag), Steve Stills (Ex-Buffalo), Al Kooper (Ex-Sweat & Tears), Harvey Brooks (P-Flag), Eddy Hoh (Ex-M.F.Q. drummer) and Barry Goldberg, piano. What an album. "The music on this record was performed spontaneously" says Kooper, (also the producer). "The horns were added later as an after thought." And that's all you have to know. The instrumental music here is what happens when musicians get together in the wee wee hours. For the first time you can hear what Bloomfield can really do on "Albert's Shuffle," a tribute to Albert Kink, and a slow blues called "Really." Side two features Steve Stills with a great guitar solo on Dylan's "It Takes A Train To Cry" and witty use of a wah-wah on "Season Of The Witch." A wasted tape wooshing noise goes through an entire track called "You Don't Love Me", which would have been more successful played straight. "Harvey's Tune" is a lovely, lush horn ballad with colorful Kooper piano fills. Great gutty music throughout. (Columbia CS 9701)

MUSIC FROM BIG PINK is "The Weight" with bits of overheard small town conversation, little sensuous story suggestions, a visitor sending love from tired Fanny. It's "To Kingdom Come" with strange, rolling, funky magic and "Caldonia Mission" a vague, aching country gospel love song. The words are highly personal, intense observations that could have been written by Faulkner or Agee. Backwoods mysterious secrets are set in images of a wooden barn, walking a dirt road, murder and death in a "Long Black Veil." You can smell the apple orchards and poorly hidden family insanity. It's all there, it really is. And if you don't have this album you're missing out on some of the purest, untampered with music ever put on record. Isn't that Dylan in the next of kin portrait standing alone in back and to the right? (Capitol SKAO 2955)



WE READ YOUR MAIL

(continued from page 8)

on Steppenwolf, Alan Price, the new Byrds, Barnswallow Fahrquar, and definitely something, and a lot of it, on Gene Clark, who is a good writer, singer, and everything else. He's talented, greatly.

Could someone send me the lyrics to these songs: "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'," (Righteous Bros.) "Hey, That's No Way To Say Goodbye" and "Both Sides Now (Judy Collins "Wildflowers") "Cherish" and "Never My Love" (Association) and "All Cried Out" (Dusty Springfield).

Also, does someone have or could someone find me a Gene Clark album (with the Gosdin Bros.) I've looked all over town and I can't find one but I know he made it. In finishing, what happened to the Blues Magoos cause they were good and cute and funny and sweet and I liked 'em?

Thank you so very for printing this and my address so anyone with the lyrics I requested or the Gene Clark album found, or wants to comment on this letter or tell me they're sick or I'm sick or something, can write.

Janet Woodford
215 Summit Dr.
Zanesville, Ohio

Dear Editor:

While reading Mark Hammer's letter on what he called violence and sex in pop music, I was struck by two things. Firstly, Mr. Hammer defended Hit Parader's article on the Monkees as necessary so that the public could also be influenced by men like Mayall, Kooper and Bloomfield. He then criticized Hendrix, the Who, and others for destroying their equipment as part of their stage act. I take it that Mr. Hammer appreciates their musical ability so may I propose that they are as justified in their actions as Hit Parader is in its actions. There are not enough music heads to fill the concert halls and as a result the good groups today are forced out of desperation to appeal to a wider audience. Secondly, Mr. Hammer proposed a Music Crusade to keep music free of emotion. I hereby propose a campaign to keep it in. What could be more plastic than a song without feeling? What is blues without emotion? If you don't feel your music then your out only for stage.

Apart from this topic I wish to suggest that HP extend its Platter Chatter to cover the tremendous amount of LPs that are being released. The LP has become the way of expression for many new as well as established groups.

Henry Lievre
29-06 Crescent St.
Astoria, New York

Dear Editor:

Even though HP is the greatest music mag to be found, it is failing to recognize fantastic new album releases, (and probably never even heard of them). Such great LPs as "Silver Apples," "Pearls Before Swine," "The Heliocentric World Of Sun Ra," and "Alexandrias Timeless Blooz Band" simply cannot be ignored. For example, "Silver Apples," is probably one of the most miserably tight, and refreshing LPs to come along in a long time. It has a strong resemblance to good old American pow-wow Indian music. A song from the LP entitled "Dancing Gods," can literally hypnotize a person with its insistent tribal beat. For people in the Chicago area who want to hear heavy underground radio, tune in WOPA (102.7) on the FM dial, and experience new LPs before anybody else even heard of them, a station that plays whole sides of Bob Dylan, Tim Buckley, Donovan, and the Beatles, to name just a few. The smooth voiced announcer for the show, nicknamed "Scorpio," knows the music scene thoroughly, and has fine taste in music. Listen Monday through Friday from 10 p.m. to 12:30 a.m., Saturday from 10 p.m. to 1 a.m. and on Sunday "Scorpio" is heard from 9 p.m. until 12 midnight. WOPA FM originates from Oak Park, Ill. You can even call and yak with Scorpio, but there's one problem: his lines are so busy all night that you can practically get a nervous breakdown trying to reach him, (and that's the gospel truth). By the way, Donovan's new LP, "Donovan In Concert", is beautiful. Even though the songs are his old ones, they sound better before a live audience. Donovan's the greatest talent to come along since Bob Dylan. His songs prove what a noble, classy, kid, good intentioned soul he is. In a world of music flooded with sex, drugs, etc., Donovan comes through with sincere, beautiful songs of flowers, nature, and pure goodness. I can't think of anyone else who does that. Songs like "The Pusher," from the Steppenwolf album, and "Gloria" by Them, are just in awful poor taste, lyric wise that is, musically, they make the grade. An album that everybody should own and cherish is "A Tramp Shining," Richard Harris. All the songs on the LP are by genius Jimmy Webb, and Richard Harris' voice is so gorgeous, that it doesn't even sound human. So go and buy it, folks. Thank you for hearing me out.

Randy Prospro
1325 Division St.
Chicago Heights, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I've just received the September and October issues of Hit Parader. I sent home for them and they sure have brought me a lot of great reading, thanks

to your fine staff. I'm also sending for some information from the Shopping Bag. The Shopping Bag is always great. I played in a band before entering the service and I'm always interested in all kinds of new electronic equipment. I have a great interest in all types of keyboard instruments (electric piano, harpsichord, organ etc.) and if you should have any information, on any make of these instruments I would appreciate it.

Your magazine, as far as I'm concerned, is the only magazine for anyone really interested in today's pop music. Your articles on R&B, and the history of the Tex-Mex sound are always the greatest. I'm one of those old Jerry Lee Lewis, Chuck Berry, and Chuck Willis fans and your mag is the only place I can go to find these names.

I'm so glad that R&B has finally gotten back to the record-buying public. It should have been there a long time ago.

Well, thanks again for all the great material you print in your mag every month and I'll be sending home for your next issue.

PFC David McQuerrey
US 56 428 490
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Dear Editor:

I have just purchased and finished listening to the Doors' third album, "Waiting For The Sun" and I feel it would be well worth your while to purchase it also. It is by far their best (and most frightening). Read the poem first...then you might be afraid to listen to the record. This is truly performed by mad men. Now I would like to inform your readers of a new song called "Fire." It's performed by the Crazy World of Arthur Brown. It is a must to own. (Or maybe just to hear.)

If anyone happens to wander into Seattle and is looking for good music, tune into KOL-FM 94.1 after 6 p.m. (till 6 a.m.) It is the underground station of Seattle. It plays anything from Ritchie Havens to Paul Butterfield to Ultimate Spinach, to Bob Dylan. Truly great. The D.J. is only one.

One last thing. On the Monkee controversy. I will say a good word for them. At least they have had Tim Buckley as a guest star on the show.

Sandi Bozarth
Kirkland, Washington

Dear Editor:

I must congratulate you on a superb magazine. You have not let it be overrun by "scream feed" groups, and your articles are intelligently written and interesting. You have also had articles on the up-and-coming groups who have not quite made it.

I would like to see some more articles on Traffic, Spencer Davis Group, Pink Floyd and the Nice. By the way, Hit Parader is the first magazine to print anything on Pink Floyd. Keep on doing articles on the Who, Cream and, of course, the Beatles.

I especially enjoy your record reviews. From these I have bought many records on your rave reviews; and, I have yet to be disappointed with one I have bought. I disagree with the review of "Piper At The Gates Of Dawn" by Pink Floyd, though. I thought it was an excellent album, and I especially liked "Scarecrow" for its unusual sounds. In my opinion, Syd Barrett is going to be one of the most important songwriters in the not-too-distant future. I realize, though, that people have different tastes in music, so I won't go and condemn the reviews' writer the way I've noticed some other people do. I can hardly wait to see the review of Cream's new LP, "Wheels Of Fire." I just bought it today, and I haven't been able to turn it off. I think it's the best album they have ever put out; and that's pretty hard, since "Disraeli Gears" and "Fresh Cream" were both fantastic, too.

Thank you very much for listening and thank you for your fab magazine.

Kati Mooney
Stamford, Conn.

Dear Editor:

I went out and bought the Traffic's "Mr. Fantasy" and it was everything you said and more. It makes "Sgt. Pepper" sound like the Monkees. Every single, solitary track is excellent. It's the best album I ever heard. "Paper Sun" features the great sound of Jim Capaldi's drums and Stevie Winwood's guitar. "Dealer" is a very exciting track. "No Face, No Name and No Number" has very strong lyrics. "House For Everyone" has a jazz center part and a very funny beginning and ending. But the best track all around is "Berkshire Poppies," a song done in 1920's style is better than "Sgt. Pepper."

In closing I would like to say that if you miss this album you are missing something outstanding. You must get it. Keep on reviewing good albums like this.

D.F.
Miami, Fla.





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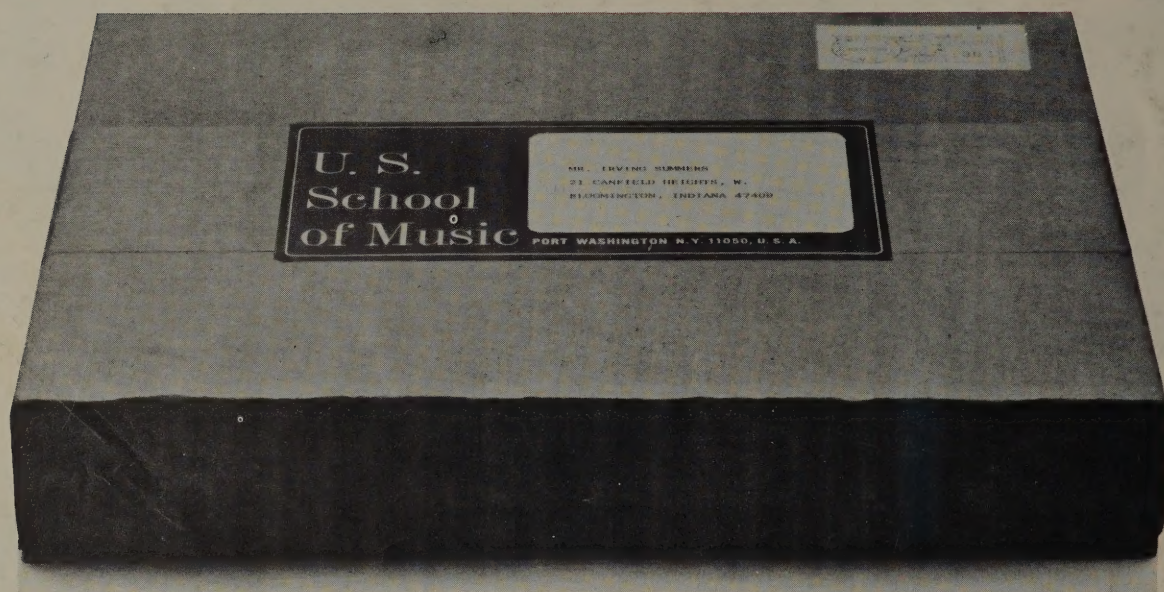
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